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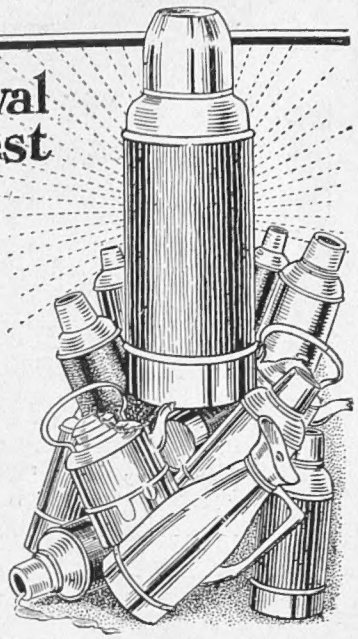

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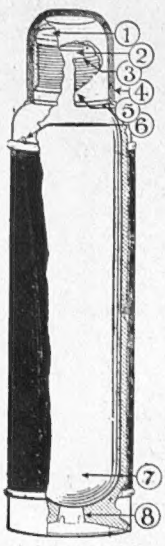

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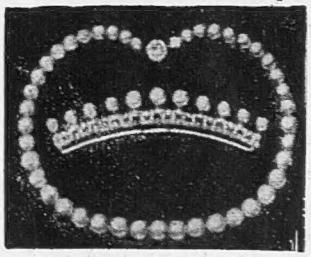

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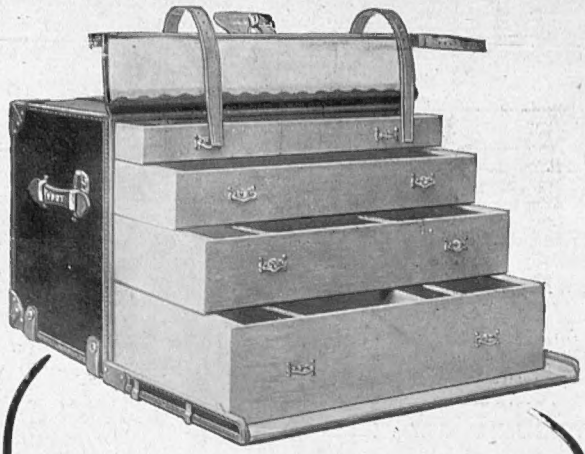

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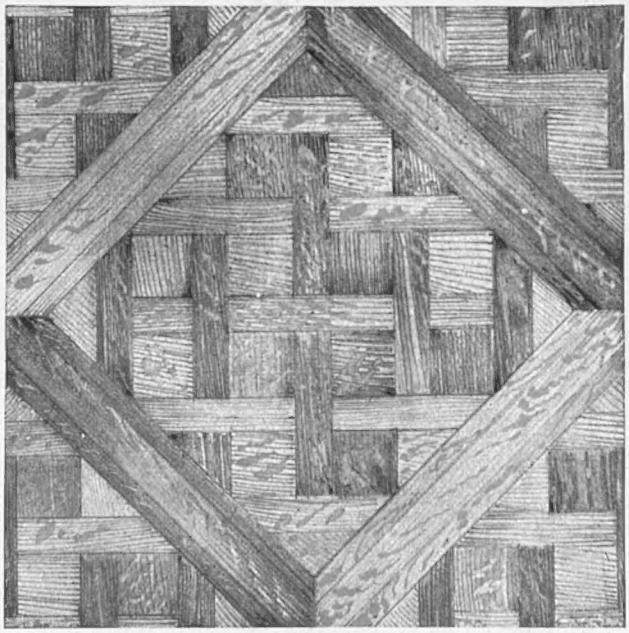

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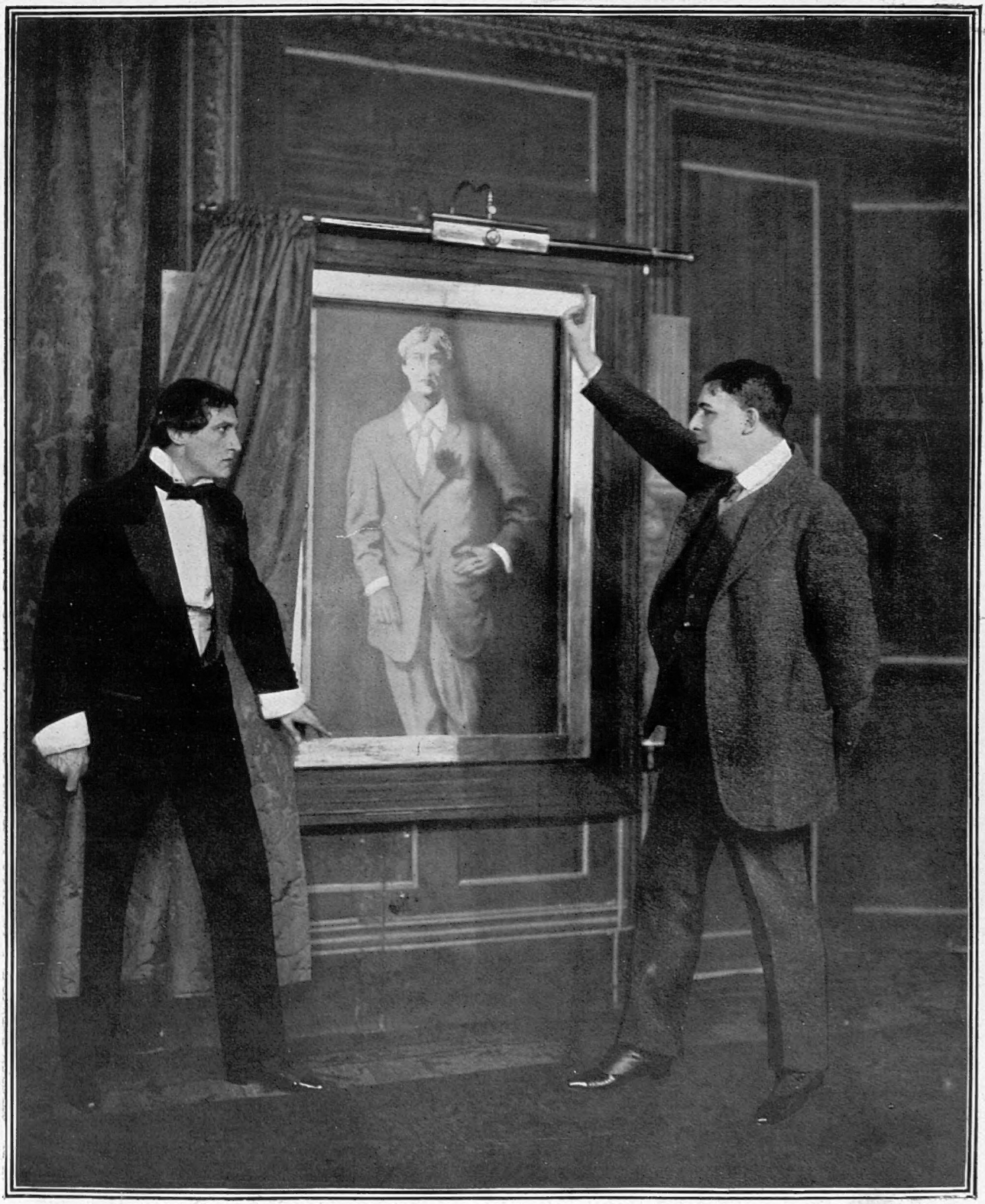

M. Lou-Tellegen as Dorian Gray — Mr. Scott-Craven as Basil Hallward

THE PICTURE OF A LOST SOUL

On Thursday last the dramatised version of Oscar Wilde's morbid masterpiece, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre. As was only to be expected, the play is somewhat disappointing, much of the spirit and charm of the book having been lost in the adaptation. Our photograph depicts the tragic dénouement, where the artist, Basil Hallward (Mr. Arthur Scott-Craven), shows Dorian Gray (M. Lou-Tellegen) his picture recording the latter's mental and physical degeneration

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Apathy Well Directed

Heartiest congratulations to the British public on their latest use of the gift of Apathy. Never has it been shown in a better cause than in the contemptuous refusal to subscribe the hundred thousand demanded—rather inconsiderately, if I may say so—by the Duke of Westminster and others for the Olympic Games. The habit of rushing into the Press for public money had previously aroused protest in a number of quarters, even when, as in the case of Capt. Scott, there was public interest in the background. In the case of the Olympic Games, there is not only no interest, but there is general sentiment against. If the national athletes are not fitted, of their own accord, to make a proper show at Berlin or anywhere else, then let us lose the pots and be done with it, or withdraw like gentlemen. There may be a case for the subscription of public money to the general cause of promoting an athletic renaissance, but such a proceeding will take a very much longer time than lies between us and the next Games. Any success "bought" at Berlin by mere money will morally not be worth the paper on which the cheques have been written.

***

Literary Knighthoods

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is to the fore in the matter. That is the worst of these literary knighthoods and baronetcies. Title an author and you seem to invest him with the delusion that it is his duty to become a dull publicist. I have hardly read a story by "Sir" Conan Doyle that has held me, but I have read a good many letters to the Press which have not. Sir Rider Haggard has, since his knighthood, given himself up to turnips. Then "Sir" Gilbert Parker. He used to write clever books about the Wild West. Of late he has devoted himself to sounding the depths of Tariff Reform for new dullnesses. Sir Arthur Pinero—no, his knighthood hasn't enlivened him. Sir Quiller Couch has become "Professor" Q. Still, the worst has to happen. To what heights of unintelligibility Mr. Kipling will soar when he becomes Sir Rudyard I hardly like to think.

***

Noble Mendicancy

With regard to his Grace of Westminster, may it be suggested that a duke of enormous wealth, which he devotes naturally enough to his own lavish enjoyment and that of his friends, is hardly the most suitable personage to put up before the teeming millions in the capacity of Public Mendicant—save, perhaps, in causes where parvenus are asked to provide quids pro quo for dinners at Grosvenor House.

***

"Well-Known People" Again

It is recorded in the usual "Society" columns that, during the present week, several "well-known people will be found in London *en route* to some shooting-party or other, or to Doncaster." This is relieving. The awful haunting fear that anybody "well-known" might, at this season, be found mingling otherwise than *en passant* with the six or seven millions of unknown inhabitants of the capital of the Empire, save on their way to pot at partridges, gave me quite a shock. If London is very good, though, it may expect to be honoured by the presence of Lord and Lady Tittlebat Titmouse and a few others at some of its September first-nights, and these "well-known people" will, it is alleged, actually partake of supper at restaurants after the play! I hope, for the sake of the "Society" journalist, that his *raisons d'être* won't all be poisoned as a punishment for their heterodoxy.

OVERHEARD AT RAMSGATE

FIRST SHRIMP: "What O'! Wot 'ave we 'ere?!!!"
SECOND DITTO: "Well, I shud say as it's eiver Mister 'Awker a blue-in 'is thasend, or the Granville experess!!!"

By E. T. Reed

Amusement in Ireland and Scotland

The Cheery Horse Show

The Dublin Horse Show is one of those cheery functions that stand out in marked contrast to the merely "Society" gatherings which people attend largely because it is the right thing to do—a type, this latter which is becoming more and more obsolescent in the changing and broadening social life of to-day. The Horse Show is unpretentious; people don't dress up to the eyes for it, or rather down to the skin—modern smartness being measured in terms of undress rather than of dress. And with the glorious weather that happened, last week's outdoor joys at Ball's Bridge went off in as informally delightful a way as if such a thing as "Society" had never been heard of.

***

Foreign "Visitors"

"Society" wasn't present in very great force—English "Society" that is—most of the English visitors present having some special reason, official or other, for being there. Foreign countries, on the other hand, (we aren't officially that yet in Ireland I believe) were well represented—by keen-eyed soldier-men bent on the business of buying the best Irish horses for their respective Governments (our own, needless to say, standing politely and pacifically aside).

***

Un-Olympic Games

The Highland Game season—the human kind—goes on all through the month, and this week there is the famous Braemar Gathering, in which the King and Queen and other members of the Royal family are attending as usual. The games themselves are perhaps a shade boring to the sophisticated eye; on the other hand, there is a genuineness about them which is delightful in these days of Olympic claptrap, and though no records are attacked or broken, the physical fitness of these simple Highland athletes—for pot-hunters are still comparatively rare—is indubitable. A suggestion has been made that such venues as these and the Grasmere sports would make a good recruiting ground for the prospective hireling troop to be "crammed" for the great Pot-hunt of 1916. Perish the horrid thought!

NOTABILITIES NOTED

Last week at the Dublin Horse Show. The Earl of Rosebery talking to the Countess of Arran

***

Where Are the Birds?

Meanwhile the other kind of game continues, in Highlands and Lowlands, and south of the Border, to be pursued generally with more diligence than success. For, in spite of optimistic and carefully selected reports, this is an exceptionally poor grouse season; and the partridge season, which opens this week, is going to be just as bad. Still, after all, *qu'importe?*

***

(Snap) Shooting Parties

We can still enjoy the bracing walk over the heather, the nectar of the moorland cigar or pipe, and, if by any strange, fortuitous chance there may happen to be a photographer around, we can present to the camera well-cut shooting clothes, the smiling faces of a distinguished house

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH AT DUBLIN

Under a bright August sun the social world (more or less) revolved on the axis of the Dublin Horse Show last week, and rarely has this event attracted a larger or more fashionably attired crowd. In the photograph above the Vice-regal party is seen arriving at Ball's Bridge

A "Society" Function

THAT "SOCIETY" SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND AMUSING

LADY DUNCANNON AND THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY

LADY LEUCHA WARNER AND HER DAUGHTER

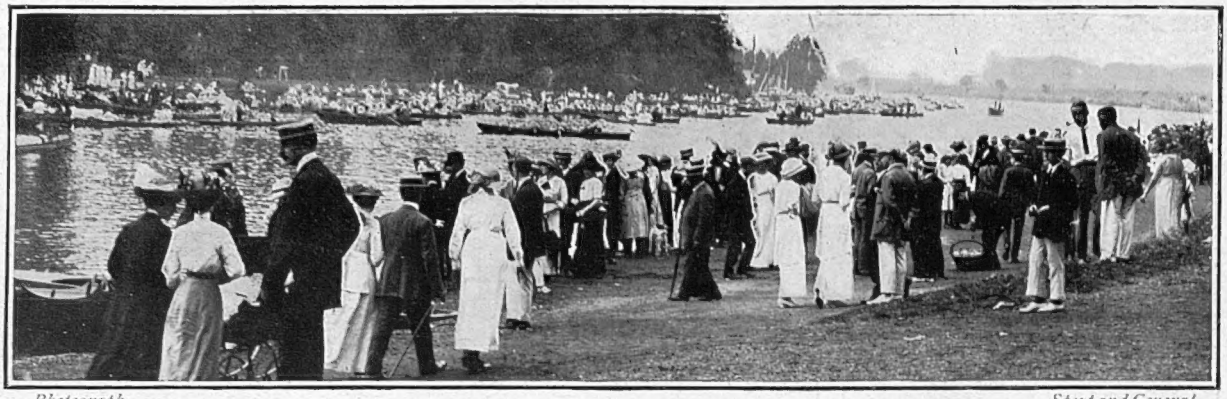
THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE AND MRS. JOHN LESLIE

MR. ROBIN, LADY BEATRICE KERR CLARK, AND THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA (in white)

It is rarely our pleasure to publish photographs of well-known people so genuinely enjoying themselves at a social function as are those seen on this page. Horrid cynics as we are, we imagine that most of the great events of the year are attended rather in duty than in pleasure bound, and a duty is apt to become onerous at the best of times. The Dublin Horse Show seems, however, to be the proverbial exception. Perhaps that's because it's Irish

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

A Regatta and a Quiet Wedding



Photograph *Sport and General*

GENERAL VIEW OF TEDDINGTON REACH REGATTA

The Twenty-Second Annual Regatta held at Teddington on Saturday last was noteworthy for the large number of entries. Some good sport was witnessed especially in the Four Skiff Championships of the Thames, in which two records were made, one by Messrs. A. C. Purnell and R. F. Houston who won the Doubles for the third year in succession, the other by the Misses M. and O. Wyatt Bolton, whose victory in the Ladies' Double Sculls was their fourth in succession

party and even perhaps a decent and well-arranged pile of what is nominally the first cause and occasion of our pleasant little gathering. Never shall it be said that "Society," even under adversity, hangs down its head.

* * *

A "Handel" for the Kaiser

The German Emperor claims Handel for Germany. It is to be hoped the Government will not think it necessary to add to the Navy estimates. Might we not spare our cousins the composer to whose influence England is indebted above all for the side-tracking of the national music into an annexe of evangelical Protestantism? The only condition THE BYSTANDER would make in surrendering Handel to Germany would be that she should take the Handel Festival *and* the Crystal Palace along with him.

* * *

A Literary Digest

One J. Y. Schenck, an editor (of course American), has been shot as an alternative to having, literally, to eat a page in which he had written something libellous about one John Lindsay, politician. Seeing how much editors are in the habit of making their readers swallow .... well, well.

* * *

An "Honour" for Thrums

When will the newspapers learn that sycophancy is out of date? On Saturday, it seems, the Queen's chauffeur took the wrong turning, and landed Her Majesty in Kirriemuir, the Thrums of Barrie. This "unpremeditated visit" to the scene of much that is immortal in fiction is described as an "unexpected honour" to Thrums. I should have thought it a somewhat doubtful "honour" to a celebrated village to receive an "unpremeditated" visit, even from Royalty.

* * *

Why, Oh! Why?

And while on this subject of visits, may I ask why every time Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill and party put ashore from the *Enchantress* to play golf we are informed of the fact? We are willing, of course, to read of the doings of the First Lord and First Lady when they are official—as they were, weren't they, at Malta?—but when they go ashore to golf we feel they are doing just what the rest of us might have been doing on our yachting cruises—unfortunately at our own expense.

* * *

"Great Tory Leaders"

The *Observer* startled me somewhat by its headline of a new series "Great Tory Leaders." I see, however, that they are dead ones, of whom there are certainly many. No doubt the series will ultimately come up-to-date, and an autobiography of Mr. J. L. Garvin will bring it to an exciting finish.

* * *

Descriptive

That recently-discovered dead poet, Francis Thompson, wrote of Shelley that he "dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He stands in the lap of patient Nature and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions to see how she will look nicest in his song." Of our much-discussed friend, the half-penny Pressman, Thompson would perhaps have written that *he* "dabbles his fingers in the night-fall. He is rat-bitten with scavenging amidst the sewers. He stands in the lap of patient Truth and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions to see how she will look falsest in his headlines."

Photograph *C.N.*

A MEDITATIVE BRIDE

Mrs. William James, who was married quietly to Major J. C. Brinton on Saturday morning at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Our photograph shows the bride leaving the church after the ceremony

Out for Sensation

OR, NO SLAVISH, STODGY REALISM FOR HIM

LLOYD GEORGE: "Now, my friend; I want a really striking, simple, dramatic little picture of rural life.—No more long exposures for me! Suppose we try a kneeling position, eh? with the eyes rolled up to Heaven, and the arms extended in supplication to a pitiless, bloodthirsty, tyrannical landlord?"

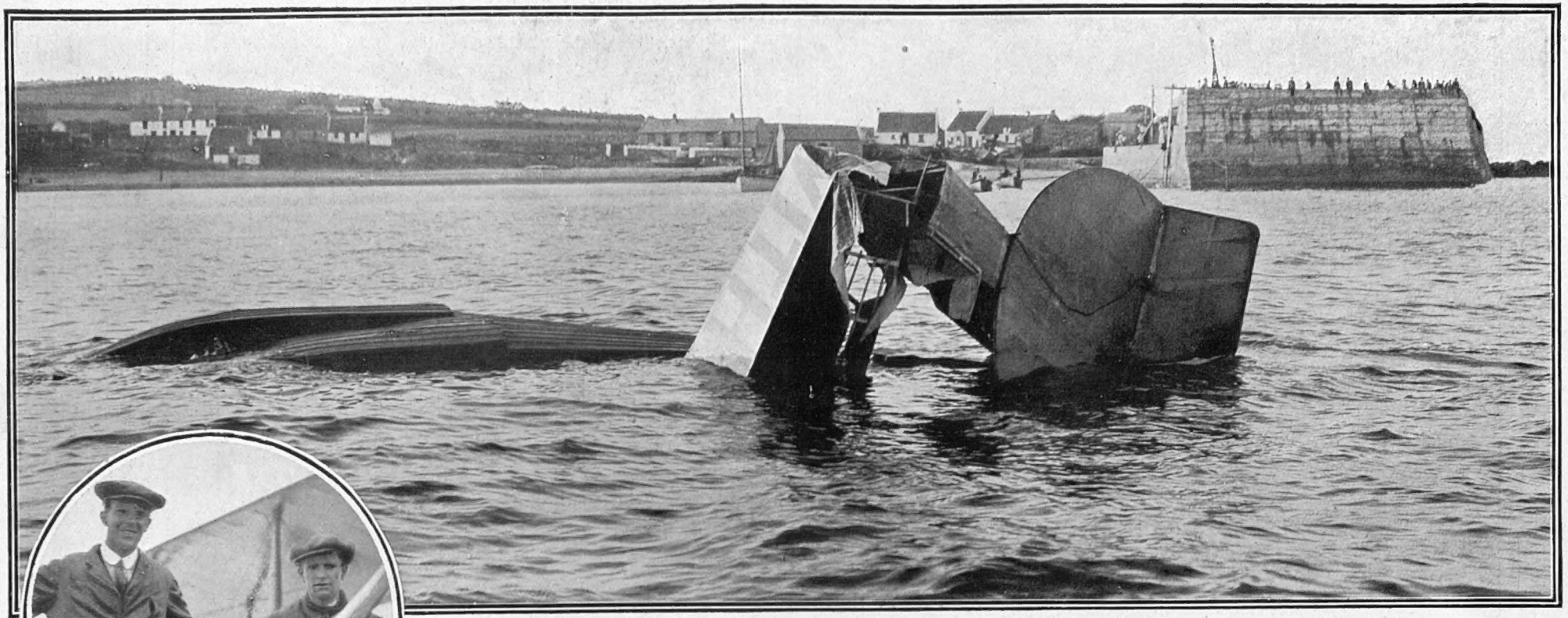
RUSTIC: "Lar' bless 'e zur! Oi bean't no play-acturr, 'n' oi couldn't look nat'ral-like! We doan't dew nawth'n o' they sart 'n these paarts, and what's more, *I doan't knaow where you will get ut!*"

LLOYD GEORGE: "How pathetic!!! Centuries of tyranny and a grinding system have left the poor creatures mere slaves to accuracy! *No fancy! No imagination!*"

BY E. T. REED

The Machine Superior to the Man

THE FAILURE OF THE SEA-FLIGHT AND ITS ATTENDANT MORAL



THE WRECK OF MR. HAWKER'S WATERPLANE, LYING IN SHALLOW WATER OF LOUGH SHINNY

MR. HAWKER AND HIS PASSENGER, MR. KAUPER

WE are very sorry that Mr. Hawker failed to win the £5,000 Prize offered by the *Daily Mail* for the water-flight round Britain. Though the British engine did its best, the pilot was prevented by a mere mishap from doing his. Just twenty miles north of Dublin, his foot slipped and the sea-plane suddenly fell, injuring itself and the passenger, Mr. Kauper, but happily not Mr. Hawker. No doubt the flight will again be attempted, but it is doubtful whether the human capacity to achieve victory is not at present behind that of the machine.

WHO, WHAT, and WHERE?
A Few Polite Notes About Personalities

French Tact

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been chatting in a genial holiday vein about his attack on the land—the golfing variety—and informed an audience of open-mouthed Cricciethites how he once did a hole in-one. It was on some French links, and no one could find his ball until a young Frenchman had an inspiration. He went to the hole, and—found it there. Extraordinarily clever and tactful people, sometimes, the French!

***

The Crimson Touch

Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, turning from talking to golf, repeated his Chesterfield success by beating Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in a holiday foursome at Lossiemouth the other day. And it is rather on the cards that Mr. MacDonald may find himself "down" once more this week at Manchester, where the Labour Party is holding one of those congresses at which the delegates sometimes show very forcibly that, in spite of the veneer of politics, they have retained in all their crimson freshness some, at any rate, of the most characteristic attributes of the British "working-man."

***

Herr von Karsen?

Sir Edward Carson has been recruiting his lungs—not that *they* seem to need much strengthening—and fortifying his spirit by a stay at Bad Homburg and conversations with the Kaiser, whose views on various kinds of organisation, I hear, he has been positively drinking in. So, a fortnight hence, Sir Edvard von Karsen (just a delicate Irish compliment to his late host) will start his Ulster campaign once more with the advantage of the very latest tips on military (and publicity) systems to aid him in repelling the armed forces which the Government *might* send against him, if they didn't think, as most of us do, that he has already got quite enough advertisement out of the job.

***

A Sensation

Of course, it is just possible that as a result of the freshening effect of a holiday, the Great Irish Unionist Leader may have prepared a new speech. That, I admit, would inevitably cause some sensation.

***

The Quiet Method

As a matter of fact, a declared policy of reticence sometimes secures a far bigger advertisement than the other thing. Take the Cooch-Behar-Baroda wedding, for instance. In spite of the well-announced secrecy and privacy of the whole affair, in spite of the quiet changes from Indian clothes into European and *vice-versa* for the various ceremonies, and furtive motor-car drives through London in decorated cars, it got somehow—and, of course, quite unexpectedly to those concerned—such a remarkable degree of publicity as to eclipse even the fact that on the same day The Competitor in the Water-plane Race flew almost as many miles as there were special correspondents.

***

Family History

Family circumstances on both sides, the public were confidentially told, necessitated this quietness, which, at any rate, obviated the official invitation of the guests, who formally accept or decline. I'm afraid Englishmen do not study Indian family history quite closely enough to know it by heart. But Baroda—one seems to remember that name in connection with the last Durbar. And wasn't there a young Gaekwad who played cricket for one of the 'Varsities for

EIGHTEEN NEXT BIRTHDAY

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCE ALBERT
Taken just prior to his departure for Balmoral

A HOST OF LAST WEEK

EARL FITZWILLIAM
Who entertained a Dublin Horse Show party last week on board his yacht "Shemara." Our photograph was taken on his arrival at Kingstown on Sunday week

A PRINCESS IN DISTRESS

Photograph *Kosel*

PRINCESS LOUISE OF BELGIUM

For whose arrest, and that of her friend, the former Lieut. Geza Mattchich, says the "Berliner Tageblatt," warrants are being demanded by various creditors. The Princess is alleged by the latter to be in debt to the extent of several millions of crowns

a while lately and then disappeared suddenly from contemporary cricket history? What has become of him and why?

* * *

Simplicity

The simplicity of the King's life at Balmoral seems to be causing great surprise to some of the newspapers, which are, apparently, full of astonished admiration at the fact that His Majesty wears country clothes all day. They do not state what he wears at night, but then, at last, presumably, he is able to slip, with a sigh of relief, into his robes and crown.

* * *

An Interesting Reason?

It is now reported that the reason for a very great lady's recent postponement of a foreign trip is an even more interesting one than any of those yet put forward.

* * *

Respecting Convention

Even Royal *fiancés* have to adopt the very different methods of courtship which prevail in the countries in which they happen to be engaged. Dom Manoel, for instance, who has his German wedding this week, immediately after his engagement, promptly adopted the hand-in-hand, arm-in-arm method required by Teutonic tradition. Our own Royal bridegroom-to-be has, in equally complete compliance with English custom, respected our modern conventions, under which even to spend much of the period of the engagement in the company of the prospective bride, has come to be regarded as unnecessary, if not remarkable.

* * *

Royalty and Re-Marriage

Mr. and Mrs. William James were both friends of Royalty, and no doubt the news of Mrs. James's engagement to Major Brinton will have been received with due appreciation in high quarters. It was only just before Goodwood, it will be remembered, that His Majesty, in re-opening the Chichester Hospital, referred in feeling terms to Mr. James's work for charity and to the loss sustained through his comparatively recent death. The re-marriage of widows is, of course, not now regarded in Court circles as so inherently impossible as Queen Victoria considered it.

* * *

Real Sports

Russia having established a Ministry of Sport, and France being anxious to follow her example, it is natural—since we now apparently follow, in sporting matters, where others lead—that the same thing is being suggested for England. And who is to be the Minister? Lord Rothschild being already engaged on the Olympic business, the name of Mr. Solly Joel leaps to the mind—but I fear, to judge by precedent, that his close personal interest in the subject might be regarded as too biassing an element. Why not Sir Alfred Mond? He is a good Liberal, and possesses other necessary qualifications.

* * *

"Father's Watch"

While Lord Haldane is away on his lightning tour as the guest of the American Bar (it'll be a drier job than it sounds, I expect), one of the Keepers of the Great Seal (no connection with a great tank) will be that promising young politician, Lord Beauchamp. "Father's watch to play with," as someone said, on, of course, a totally different occasion, "may help to keep the *enfant terrible* quiet for a bit."

* * *

Coming Events

I hear that a well-known lawn tennis player is not unlikely shortly to figure in a court of a different kind from that to which he is ordinarily accustomed, and that the umpire will be one of the judges of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. Apparently the affair in this case is alleged to have arisen out of a "double fault."

THE FIRST-BORN

Photograph *Weston, Sloane St.*

A CHARMING STUDY OF LADY CAMOYS

Née Miss Mildred Sherman, of New York, with her infant child. She was married to Lord Camoys in 1911

A Great Irish Society Festival

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN LAST WEEK AT LEOPARDSTOWN RACES, DUBLIN

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENCLOSURE AND STANDS

THE RACE FOR THE LONDONDERRY PLATE

Won by Mr. W. Dunne's Naughty Earl, from Major Matthews' Scarteen. Ireland is a great horse-breeding country, and Leopardstown Race Meeting is very fittingly one of the most important functions of the season in Irish Society. But it is not only Irish Society that goes to Dublin for the Horse Show week, and there were many distinguished people from this side the Channel to be seen at Leopardstown Races last week. Weather was perfect, there was a splendid attendance, and everything went to show that, whatever may sometimes be said of him, the Irishman can be a very capable business man

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AMERICAN souvenir hunters are very fond of snipping the buttons off celebrities with a pair of scissors during public banquets and receptions. In the Lord Chancellor's case, after some of these big banquets, buttons should be collectable without the aid of scissors.

* * *

The Prince of Wied is the latest nominee for the throne of Albania. Judging from what one hears of the inhabitants, from time to time, Albania would do with a little "Wieding."

* * *

A contemporary has established beyond all doubt the fact that the Duke of Wellington was once at Eton; and we now suggest that it should try to fix the answer to that always-interesting question—Was the Duke of Wellington once at Waterloo?

* * *

Eton, by the way, has gone some distance towards disproving the assertion, often made, that our public schools do not train boys for a business career. At least, a milkman's assistant, who was charged last week at Bromley Police Court with embezzling his employer's money, turns out to have been an old Eton boy.

* * *

Soldiers on leave are to be paid a shilling a-day to wear their uniform in the streets of Birmingham. The idea is that this will give a fillip to recruiting in that city, and, in any case, it is sure to make it easier for Birmingham ladies to secure the services of cooks.

* * *

Personally, we have never understood why soldiers on leave should not wear their uniform as a matter of course. True, it might offend the German waiters in this country—but one must take some risks.

* * *

It is alleged that the Government is about to make an effort to reclaim and make profitable some of the many barren acres of Norfolk. The first step will, no doubt, be to put a pretty big death duty on all rabbits.

* * *

Londoners returning from their holidays will be interested to know that the strike of house-painters synchronises, funnily enough, with a dearth of chemists' assistants. We advise all those who get painters' colic owing to the half-finished state of their houses to be very careful as to what remedies they consume on the advice of their overworked chemists.

* * *

A woman at Rye House is reported to have landed a 7-lb. pike by means of a tea-tray. Men, as a rule, land these big fish with the help of a Tantalus.

* * *

Photography—according to the *Daily Chronicle*—can now be used for detecting adulteration in jam. We recommend all ardent amateurs, before sitting down to their shrimp tea—with jam—at Margate, or wherever they may be, to develop a photograph of the jam. If the picture reveals too many wasps in it, they should stick to the shrimps.

* * *

Sunday, September 28th, has been appointed by Sir Edward Carson for the commemoration of Ulster Day. Collections, we trust, will go towards the expenses of casualty wards in Derry and other towns.

* * *

There is a Shakespeare boom in Berlin, where Herr Rheinhardt is to produce no less than eighteen Shakespearian plays. We, in London, are not a bit jealous of the Berliners, for have we not always the chance of seeing Mr. Jack Johnson?

* * *

Spanish women"—says the fashion correspondent of a contemporary—"are notably fond of dress." It is interesting to note that, in one country of Europe, at any rate, this curious little trait survives. In our own country nothing but a sense of duty towards dressmakers accounts for the bills that our women folk run up.

* * *

"How to borrow" is the subject of a series of articles in one of the papers, from which one gathers that borrowing is a far more difficult matter than one supposed. Depressed readers should write to the Editor and demand an alternative series on "The Way to Beg" or "Stealing as a Fine Art." Borrowing is no use at all.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

HOTEL ACQUAINTANCE: "I remember now where I've seen you before. It was in some piece at Drury Lane and you were dressed in tights"

SHOCKED LADY (who has been dressed for bathing for the last twenty minutes and is not yet wet): "I know I wasn't. You don't catch me showing myself anywhere in tights"

By G. L. Stampa

Wasted on the Desert Air

THE ONE ON THE RAIL: "I say, Bert, I wish the dooce we'd kept 'em and smoked 'em this evening, there's scarcely a skirt in sight"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Sunday "Away from God"—(Canon Newbolt)

THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE KURSAAL AT OSTEND ON A RECENT AUGUST SUNDAY MORNING

This picture taken at Ostend on a recent Sunday morning is interesting in view of the Rev. Canon Newbolt's recent denunciation of "loosely-clad idlers" who take their holidays "away from God." Though the scene illustrated above is typical rather of the Continent than of our own coasts, yet the modern love of fresh air is as obvious at Ostend as it is in England. Is it better, while on holiday, to enjoy the physical delights of outdoor life rather than spiritual exaltation within the walls of a church? We leave it to our readers

War—And What Then?

BYSTANDER READERS ON "DOWNWRITER'S" RECENT ARTICLE

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—*In our issue of August 20, our outspoken contributor raised the question of how much more in peril would Great Britain be were she to disarm? We were not editorially responsible for his views, and are, therefore, glad to publish criticisms.*]

"Nothing Would Happen"

SIR,—Congratulations on your excellent article, "War—and What Then?" Yours is the first paper in this country to break through the conspiracy of silence—maintained by the armament firms—on the childish folly of spending half our revenue on defences against people who have no intention of attacking us. If we abolished our Army and Navy to-morrow, nothing would happen.—Yours faithfully,

JOSHUA G. E. WEDGWOOD.

The Gables, Stratford St. Mary, near Colchester.

What About Canada?

SIR,—The question raised by "Downwriter" is really most stimulating. Why indeed, as he asks us very pertinently, is it assumed that a nation without armaments would necessarily be invaded at all? And we are apt to suppose in thinking of the question that it has never been tried. But of course it has. One may doubt very much whether our good friends the Americans—96,000,000 of them—are less acquisitive or more scrupulous than the Germans, and less disposed to take our property if they could; and yet our greatest and wealthiest Colony, Canada, whose frontier runs along theirs for over 3,000 miles has never had a fort nor a gun along the whole of it to protect her against invasion; and although we have had more, and more serious, quarrels with the United States than with any other Power whatever, and although half-a-dozen times, our tempers have got quite absolutely out of control, it seems never to have occurred to the United States that it was worth while inviting trouble for herself, by adding to her problems the profitless burden of a conquered province. And yet, while we take no precautions against a Power which *could* over-run Canada, we take immense precautions against the Power which could not possibly do so. I do not wonder that "Downwriter" asks whether we need do it at all.—Yours faithfully,

STILLBRIGHTER.

Are We of Any Use?

SIR,—I am afraid that "Downwriter" has given little thought to the subject. Supposing the British Isles became part of the German Empire, we should hardly expect to be treated more leniently in the matter of taxation than we are now—in other words, all the money we now spend on our own army and navy (about £90,000,000 per annum) would be added to Germany's war chest. If "Downwriter" will undertake to prove beyond possibility of doubt that the German navy is not twice as large as it has any need to be, and if he will prove that it is not a weapon designed for use against this country, and if he will also prove that the British Isles are of no commercial or strategic value to anyone but ourselves, then we may certainly lay down the sword and sleep in peace. Nations are just as capable of looting as soldiers, and if the latter are now kept more or less in bounds, the former are not, as the Balkan scandal has taught us.—Yours faithfully,

W. H. POWELL.

The Laurels, Tilehurst.

"The German Won't Come!"

SIR,—Your correspondent "Downwriter" has contributed some excellent fooling under the above title, but is there not a basis of sound sense underlying his ribaldry? Is it not, in fact, true that the danger of invasion has practically disappeared owing to the factors to which Norman Angell has called attention? Of course, Englishmen would never tolerate a German ruler—unless he were naturalised like Lord Milner or the late Lord Goschen—all *that* part of "Downwriter's" discourse I take to be pure fun, and I leave it at that. When one turns, however, to the question whether it would be worth while for the German to come, one is bound, in all seriousness, to reply that if he has a single grain of sense he will stay away. If one were asked whether it would be worth while for one great London newspaper to raid the offices of another, to seize its printing-presses and time-tables, one would regard the questioner as an idiot, and one would not admit that the police-force was the chief deterrent to such a proceeding. Yet these newspapers are trade rivals, and one might conceivably gain by the extinction of the other; whereas, Great Britain and Germany are one another's best customers (the trade between them exceeds £80,000,000 a year), and the smallest injury to either would harm both of them! It was all very well for Germany to invade France in 1870, when nobody knew which was the stronger, but Germany isn't disposed to repeat the experiment now, when everybody knows that she is infinitely the stronger—and why? Because German industry is dependent on French capital! "Downwriter" is quite right, the German won't come, even if we scrap our navy.—Your faithful Angellist,

HAROLD WRIGHT.

Eirene, De Burgh Park, Banstead, Surrey.

The Press and Jack Johnson

To the Editor of "The Bystander."

SIR,—An interesting proof of "Downwriter's" accusation against the Press, that they "'boom' a story one day and suppress its sequel the next," is furnished to-day (August 27). For the past week my eye had been caught by the headline, "The Johnson Scandal," and my blood had been invited to boil at the prospect of this negro pugilist polluting the purity (!) of the music-hall stage by setting his foot on its peerless boards.

On Monday the offender arrived, and on Tuesday he either did or did not make the iniquitous appearance. Agog with curiosity whether British public opinion (?) had or had not been flouted in the threatened manner, I tore open my paper to find that the "Johnson Scandal" had disappeared into the mist, as though it had never been, and that all was air and water. I was left in complete ignorance whether the music-hall stage had been defiled. Why? Can it be that the hypocritical "boom" had failed? That the snivelling attempt to work up an agitation against the freedom of the tarnished Titan to exhibit his physical strength had nauseated itself to death?—Yours inquiringly,

ANTI-SNIVEL.

Can We Grow Our Own Tobacco?

A SURREY TOBACCO PLANTATION WHICH YIELDS 1,500 lbs TO THE ACRE

The pertinent question asked in our headline will, no doubt, interest countless numbers of lovers of the precious and nowadays essential weed. At any rate it seems that tobacco can be reared at Weybridge in Surrey, and our picture illustrates part of an 8 acre plot of land which it is anticipated will yield about 1,500 lbs. of tobacco leaves to the acre. The figure seen in the centre of the field is Mr. Ernest Lawrence who is cultivating the crop

Waiting to See Torbay Royal Regatta

The large crowd on Haldon Pier, Torquay, watching the arrival of the G.W.R. steamer coming in from Plymouth, prior to the opening event of the Torbay Royal Regatta held off Torquay last week. The King's yacht "Britannia," the Kaiser's "Meteor" and the "Margherita" were among the most famous yachts that took part in the Regatta

A Royal Russian Militant

Photograph *Bulla*

Princess Olga, the eldest daughter of the Tsar, riding at the head of the Third Elizabeth Hussar Regiment, of which she has recently been appointed Chief

The "Friluftsteater"—or Open-Air Theatre

Photograph *Nors*

Agitators for an open-air theatre in London will be interested in the above photograph of the "Friluftsteater" situated near Copenhagen. It is one of the finest in the world, and has seating accommodation for 5,000 people. The scenery is natural, and the "property" requisites are real wooden structures, with sufficient interior fittings and collapsible walls. It seems strange that some such place of amusement has not found its way to London, but then it is equally paradoxical that the Englishman so devoted to fresh air should prefer to take both his food and enjoyment under more or less hermetically sealed roofs

Why Not Consider the Dramatic Critic?

A PLEA FOR A COMMON-SENSE VIEW OF FIRST NIGHTS

BY "JINGLE"

THE theatrical season is now open, and there is a spirit of optimism abroad as to its prospects of success. I have read in the papers that the playgoing public is as large as ever, and all that is wanted is a good play to ensure a full house in every case. I sincerely trust it may be so; but I observe with some disquietude that concurrently with the opening of the dramatic season a gentleman is embarking on a Great Club-swinging Display. As far as I can gather, the gentleman in question proposes to swing clubs for one hundred hours on end without stopping—that is to say, for four days and four nights. The question that exercises my mind is: Have we anything in the shape of legitimate drama to offer the Thinking Public that is more attractive than this remarkable display of endurance? I can, of course, say nothing about the plays that are to be produced during the next few days because, officially, I know no more about them than such particulars as I may glean from the published advertisements; but as a plain man, with a weakness for the commercial point of view, I cannot help thinking that managers might do a little more than is generally done to meet the convenience of dramatic critics.

I take it that the position of the theatrical manager is this. Either he attaches some importance to the dramatic critic, or he does not. This seems a a very simple issue; but like many other phenomena in life, it is not so simple as it looks. A dramatic critic—I am speaking now of my brethren on the Daily Press—is obliged to write his criticism of the play he has witnessed between, say, eleven o'clock and midnight. The consequence is that even if his intentions be of the best possible, he will be obliged to work at high pressure to get his criticism finished in time. That being the case, one would think it would be the readiest thought of any business-like theatrical management to see that on the first night a play shall finish quite unusually early, so that the critic may have the longest possible time in which to produce his well-considered lucubration. I mean the thing is obvious. It is so obvious that already one or two of the leading managers whose success indicates their business competence, fix the commencement of a first night at seven o'clock. This means, of course, that the first performance is over at the ridiculously early hour of ten or so; but while a few people who are not concerned with Press matters may be left stranded and without an object in life for the next hour or two, the Pressman is able to give a second thought to the masterly criticism that is occupying his mind; and the result is bound to be more equitable to the enterprise with which he is dealing.

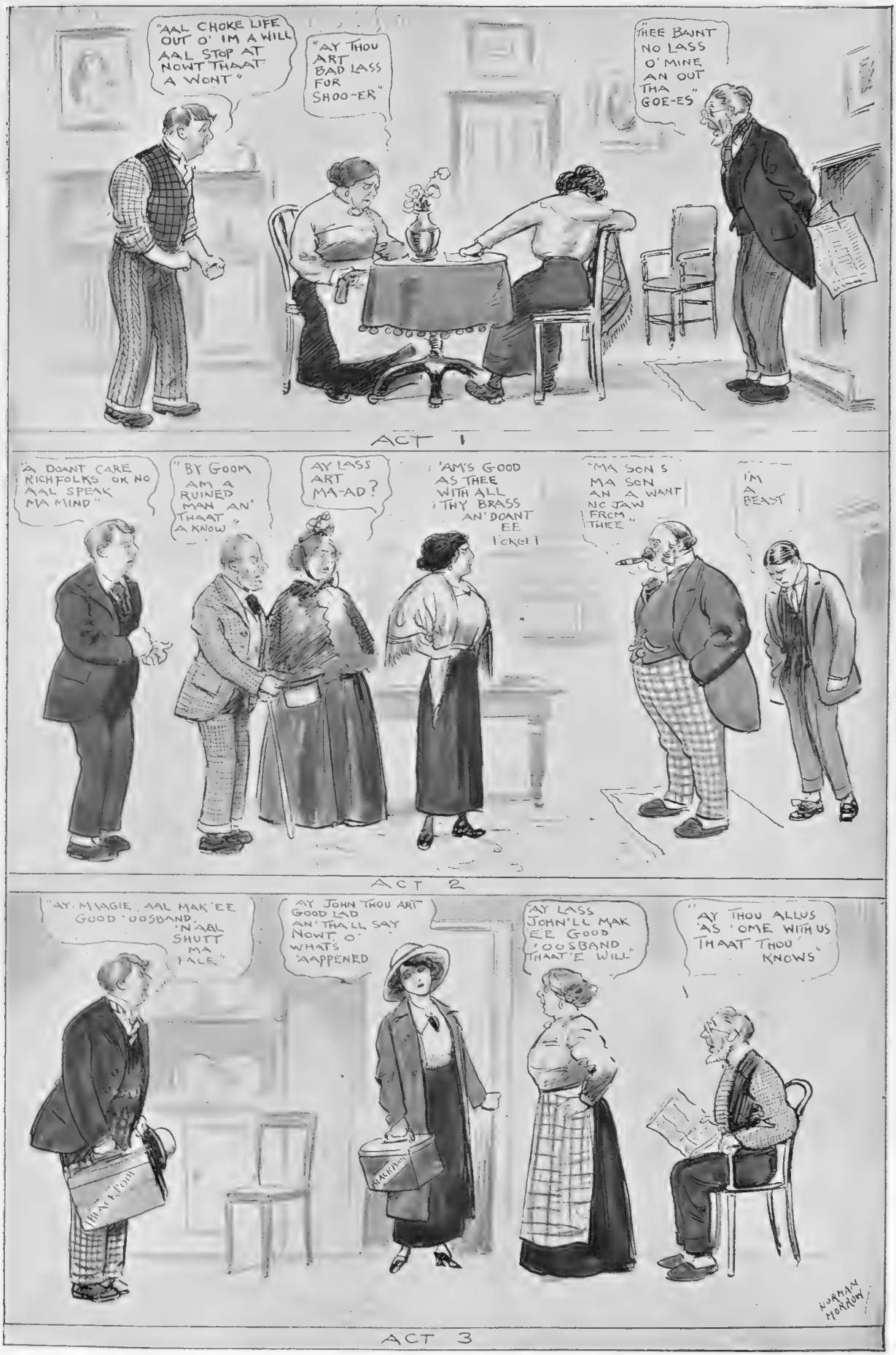
According to the newspaper announcements the first play down for production this season is to begin at a quarter to nine on the opening night. On other nights it will begin at nine o'clock. The management therefore have been business-like enough to consider the dramatic critics to the extent of a quarter of an hour's grace! That is all right as far as it goes; but how far does it go? I do not pause for a reply because I want to do all the talking myself. I have no hesitation in saying, that a quarter to nine is very much too late for the opening of a first performance. Theatrical managers who deal with the Press ought to know that most responsible newspapers close down for anything but very important news at midnight. If this play should be finished by eleven o'clock (and that is by no means certain), the critics of the Daily Press will have just one hour in which to get back to their offices, and write their impressions of the masterpiece they have just witnessed. Speaking always as a plain, and I am afraid, rather offensively obtrusive man of business, I think the managers concerned with this enterprise would have shown more sense if they had timed their first performance for seven o'clock. For myself, if I were producing a play, I should not attach any importance to dramatic critics at all; but as long as these people are invited to first nights, they ought in all reason to be given a fair chance to do their work properly.

It is, I know, the plea of certain theatrical managers that they cannot begin a first night at too early an hour, because they have a certain number of paying patrons who would be inconvenienced if the play of the evening began before dinner had been decently discussed. When theatres are being run on a philanthrophic basis, it will, I think, be time to consider the greatest good of the smallest number. But so long as theatrical enterprise is a hard and relentless commercial proposition, I think there can be no doubt that everything in reason should be sacrificed to the convenience of the dramatic critics who are not there for fun but for business. After all, a first night is nothing more than a commercial venture; and it is only the foolish vanity of theatrical managers which prompts them to try and bluff the public into the belief that their new production is simply a novelty of great artistic interest. Looking further among my theatrical announcements I find another new play timed to commence at half-past eight; and yet another which is to begin at eight o'clock. I think the managers of both these theatres are handicapping themselves unnecessarily. There are fighting times ahead of future theatrical enterprises, and managers should seize every opportunity of securing the success that is being every day harder to obtain. It is not, we know, in mortals to command success, but we can at least clear the obstacles out of its way, so that if by chance it should be coming in our direction it can have a clear run to the front door.

JINGLE

Plays We Know All About

NO 3.—THE DIALECT PLAY



The Dialect Play, as everybody knows, is with us about every other year, and when it comes, it comes in its dozens—almost. In Act I. the "Lassie from Lancashire" finding concealment no longer possible, confesses to an Indiscretion, and is threatened with expulsion by Papa. Act II. shows the whole family at loggerheads with the other Party to the Indiscretion and his wealthy parent, and Act III. represents the departure for the honeymoon on the part of the "Lassie" with Honest John, who has kindly consented to act as *deus ex machina*, and save the "Lassie" from what some people call "shame"

BY NORMAN MORROW

ROYAL SAND-BABIES WITH THEIR MOTHER
The Queen of Spain playing with her children, Don Jaime and Donna Beatrice, on Sandinero Beach, at Santander (Spain)

Out of It: By the Bystander in Paris

Off to Ver

He is very proud of his acquaintance with English and "its idiotisms," as he calls them, meaning its idioms. I met him at the Gare St. Lazare. "'Ave-a-drink," he said—that being, as he has often declared in my hearing, the Britisher's invariable greeting. "Sorry, no time," said I. "Oh, get out!" said he. He really does know quite a little English. "Exactly what I'm going to do in seven minutes," I explained. "Do what?" "Get out. I'm off. *Je pars.*" "*Les voyageurs pour la ligne de Cherbourg, en voi-ture!*" shouted the guard. The Vicomte trotted up the platform by my side. "Off to vhere?" he panted, for the English "w" has always been an inextricable thorn in his plump little side. "Just that," said I. "Just what? *Bête vieille chose!*" "Just off to Ver—to Ver-sur-Mer." "I never heard of it," said the Vicomte, and then insisted on clambering up the side of the carriage, embracing me on both cheeks, wishing me "good voyage."

How to Get There

Ver is tucked away in a wee bay between Caen and Bayeux, and the Ouest Etat and Calvados Railway Companies conspire together to prevent would-be visitors from finding it. If you try to get there from London you can, with some trouble, find out the hours of a boat service from Newhaven to Caen. If you don't register your luggage you may take it off the boat at Ouistreham, and from this place at the mouth of the Orne, a tramway will take you on to Ver when it has time. Or you can go by boat to Cherbourg and train back to Bayeux, and then, in an hour and a half, the road-train brings you into Ver again.

Its Origin

Years ago a gentleman named Gerbold found the simplest way into Ver, but it has not been popularised. He was a very reverend gentleman, who insisted on preaching Christianity to some Roman sailors. They threw him overboard, and Gerbold, being a right holy man, instead of drowning, stood on his holy sandals, and walked across the waves to the Normandy coast. Where he landed, grass and flowers grew beneath his footsteps, and the astonished Roman sailors named the place "Spring on the Sea"—Ver Super Mare, there and then. I was not present when St. Gerbold, landed, so I can only talk from hearsay, but everyone in Ver, except, perhaps, some of the summer visitors, believes the story, and it is a fact that Gerbold walked on to Bayeux, converted various great folk there, and became its first bishop. It is also a fact that until three years ago the oldest inhabitant of Ver had not seen snow. The climate is warmer than anywhere else on the coast, and the vegetation is more luxuriant.

Ver Becoming Parisian

We are getting somewhat Parisian now, and there are several villas here. But until recently the only houses were quaint old rough-built greystone farms and cottages, with faith between the stones instead of cement, and staircases built out of doors to climb up to the upper rooms because nobody knew much about architecture. All the houses in old Ver turn either their faces or a shoulder to the sea. Views are all very well, but winds can be fierce. And the oldest inhabitant died this year from a fall out of an apple tree at the age of a hundred and something. She would not have fallen out of the tree, either, one of her grand-nephews tells me, if she had not stayed in the sea too long one evening in May when she bathed after sunset, and so blurred her eyesight. And she had her lace-pillow brought to her on her bed, half an hour before she died (she lingered some days after her fall), and finished a lace shawl which she was making for the wedding of a friend.

Natural Attractions

But what on earth is there to *do* in Ver? I hear you asking. Well, you wake up without being called. And that's a holiday in itself in these days of nervous strain. And directly your eyes are open you hop out of your bedroom window into the garden (at least, that is what I do), and you howl for breakfast. Then you ride a bicycle till you think it is safe to bathe. And then you eat again. And then you fish or ride or walk or laze or motor. And the motor runs which you can get from Ver comprise some of the prettiest scenery I know, with quite an

Kicking Over the Traces

THE FEMINIST ATTITUDE REPRESENTED (METAPHORICALLY) IN DANCING

Photograph *Bert*

The above, which represents, we suppose, the latest additional Tango step imported from the "Wild West," combines the "high kick" of the ballet with the approximation of partnership in the Tango. Like the present feminist attitude in other things, that taken up by the lady doing a hand balance in the picture is a distinctly dangerous one for her partner. Of course, if this sort of thing is really going to happen in ballrooms, the sooner women take to "culottes" the better. Don't you think so?

insight into early 1066 A.D., which makes you wonder why William of Normandy troubled to cross the Channel, so gorgeous and delightful was his home in old Falaise, which is still standing. And you have only one post out, and two posts in, per diem, and telegrams take hours and hours, and the telephone is a jocular way of wasting time on a wet day—if there ever were a real wet day in Ver, because no rain ever seems to fall long enough here to be a nuisance. And when you've had your supper, you go out and walk again, and you're asleep almost before you get to bed, and you are of a gorgeous brick-red till you turn to ruddy bronze, and life is well worth living.

Nothing Done for One's Amusement

The curse of the age is, of course, that we are always having something done for our amusement. This is unknown in Ver. Which makes Ver—little unknown Ver—the place in which to spend a holiday. And now I suppose I have spoiled t. You'll all be coming here next year, and wanting a casino, and the latest thing in seaside hats, and trying to turn Ver into Deauville. St. Aubin and Lion have both been spoiled that way. But I pin my trust to the Ouest Etat and the Chemin de Fer du Calvados. These two railway companies will never let you find your way to Ver if they can help it.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"VENIUNT A DOTE SAGITTÆ"

Juvenal (or Martial)

Veniunt a dote sagittæ—a kiss costs five pfennigs, wrote Juvenal, or Martial, was it? Whichever it was he'd been travelling on Berlin motor-'buses; or reading *Frankfurter Zeitung* ads.; or hearing my old friend Dr. Ing. Gamradt, whose niece Gundelinde cannot get a husband because she's worth only £400; and no girl of her—say professional—class with less than £800 ever does get one. The Berlin Bystander was set thinking of Juvenal (or Martial) by things seen on Berlin motor-'buses.

"Prolegomenon"

Let him premise essential facts. 1. Maidservant Hedwig is happier than Gundelinde, for with £50 she can get a husband. 2. It's a habit of working men and women, particularly servants, to give a five pfennig tip to tram and motor-conductors when they pay a ten pfennig fare. Such a tip — fifty per cent—seems excessive, especially as for five pfennigs you can get a pfiff, that is, a very decent glass of bier. But you can get far better things for five pfennigs. 3. (Two is enough. When we want a prolegomenon we'll consult Emanuel Kant.—ED.)

Rich and Poor

Anyway, this is certain. A poor servant-girl who has not £50 always gives Herr Conductor Wilhelm the five pfennigs, whereas a rich servant-girl with £50 never gives anything. The reason is that while the rich servant has purchased a bridegroom of her own, the poor girl gets for her five pfennigs a tolerable makeshift in the shape of warm, though fugitive and fleeting, embraces. The thing is done this way.

On a Motor-'bus

Hedwig gets on the motor-'bus, buys a ten pfennig ticket to Bayerischerplatz, and gives Herr Conductor Wilhelm five pfennigs. Whenever the 'bus gets into thick traffic, also when it is nearing a stopping-place, it slows down. Strict rules, which Herr Conductor Wilhelm has to enforce, prohibit getting off before it stops. But Hedwig, being determined to get her five pfennigs' worth, starts getting off the 'bus ages before it stops. And Wilhelm remembers his duty. That is, if he's had five pfennigs.

Embraces

Wilhelm immediately seizes Hedwig by the peek-a-boo blouse. She is obdurate, and makes a dash to the platform. He says "Nein," and puts his arm round her peek-a-boo waist. She pretends to obey; and is released. He grins. She grins back, and makes another dash. This time she gets on to the step. Wilhelm puts his arm under her protuberant breast, embraces her tightly, and hauls her back to the platform. She giggles. He grins again. Then he leaves her, to take fares. She could now easily jump down. But, strangely enough, she doesn't. She waits till Herr Wilhelm returns, and then makes a fresh dash; and this time it is as much as he can do to stop her. He has to grip her tight; and she rebels so violently—all the time with giggles—that he has to embrace her passionately back into safety. Then again she makes a dash; and at once two warm arms fly round her waist.

No Money, No Hugs

The Berlin Bystander has watched this scores of times, and records that he only once saw it happening after Hedwig had omitted to give Herr Conductor Wilhelm five pfennigs. But this Hedwig was so stout and handsome that the most venal conductor would embrace her gratis. As a rule, when she gives nothing he does not embrace; and, in fact, she expects nothing, and waits lawfully till the motor-bus stops.

In German Only

Veniunt a dote sagittæ. That says much. But Latin is a thin, inexpressive tongue compared with German; and only in German, of all the nine hundred tongues on earth, exists the great word EINHEIRAT. It means "To MARRY INTO." And every day that you look at the *Frankfurter Zeitung* you will see at least one ad. like this:

MARRIAGE INTO

A thoroughly solid factory which needs good management rather than capital, is sought by a clever technician who desires a domesticated wife with more thought of a happy home and good business than social diversions. Photograph, and details of factory, to Steinbrück and Tipphauer, A. G. Elberfeld.

Contrasts

Doesn't it help you to understand Herr Conductor Wilhelm? Contrast it with soppy, blundering England—even with subtle France; with the Briton's clumsy lie, "must have graceful figure," when he means "must have a graceful five figures"; with the French fortune-hunter's transparent humbug about *amour éternel*. *Veniunt* . . . . a kiss costs a thoroughly solid factory which needs good management rather than capital. Send details and photograph of factory. . . .

War's Aftermath

NEAR EASTERN NOTABLES WHO ARE—FOR THE MOMENT—AT PEACE

ENVER BEY AT ADRIANOPLE

The famous Turkish leader is seen marked with a cross in this photograph which was taken directly after the dash to Adrianople in which the Turkish infantry marched 150 kilometres (93 miles) in two days

Photograph *Woltz*

TSAR FERDINAND AT SOFIA

With General Dimitrieff (on left), whither they retired with the Bulgarian troops after the re-occupation of Adrianople by the Turks consequent upon Enver Bey's "coup d'état"

KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE WITH HIS SONS AT DOIRAN

An interesting photograph, which only recently arrived in England, showing the royal leaders consulting plans and maps with the General Staff at the front. King Constantine has now returned from Salonica to Athens, where he was received with enormous enthusiasm by his subjects

Princess Manoel of Twickenham

THE HOHENZOLLERN LADY WHO IS TO SHARE THE EX-THRONE OF DOM MANOEL, LATE OF PORTUGAL

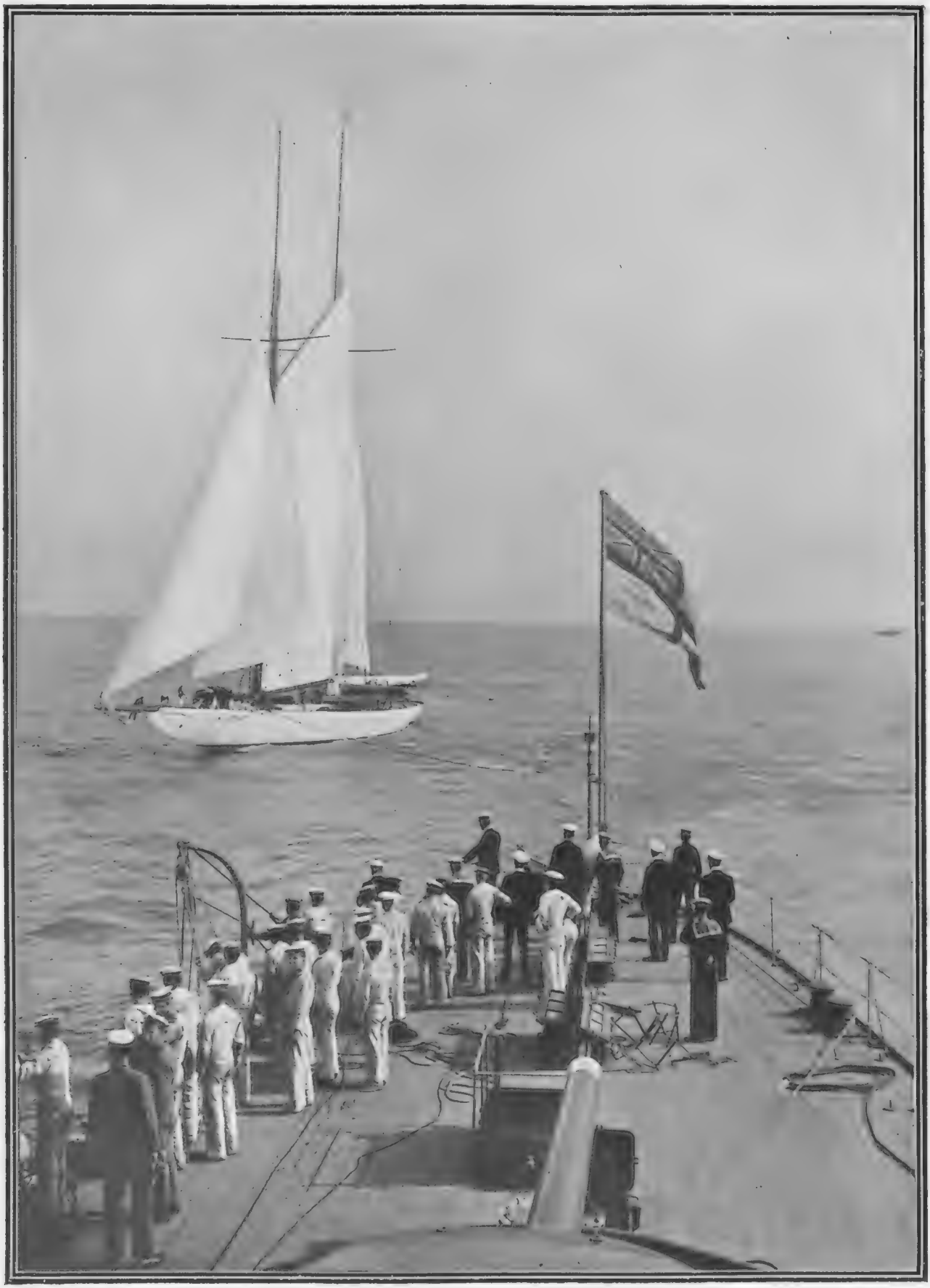
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY R. P. LÁSZLÓ, PERMISSION OF

REPRODUCED IN THIS JOURNAL BY THE ARTIST

Dom Manoel and Princess Victoria will be married to-morrow (September 4) at Sigmaringen, where the non-reigning family of Hohenzollern has its seat. Princess Victoria is the eldest daughter of Prince William of Hohenzollern, and she and her bridegroom have a relative in common in the Dowager Princess Leopold of Hohenzollern, who before her marriage was the Infante Antonia of Portugal, and is a great-aunt of Dom Manoel's and Princess Victoria's grandmother. Some eighty Royal princes and princesses will attend the wedding ceremony, among whom will be the Prince of Wales, as King George's representative. Dom Manoel has taken a house near Twickenham, where he and his bride will probably reside after the honeymoon

Dignity and Impudence

A CRUISER GIVING A FRIENDLY TOW TO THE "MARGHERITA" OFF BOURNEMOUTH



Photograph G.P.U.

An unusual sight was seen off Bournemouth recently when a British cruiser, as pictured above, was seen towing Mr. G. C. Whitaker's yacht, *Margherita*, which was so successful at Cowes this year. There was a dead calm at the time, and the *Margherita* was glad of assistance for a few miles until a favourable breeze sprang up, otherwise, of course, one would hardly expect to see a Cowes winner accepting aid from a mere coal—or is it oil?—absorbing cruiser

AT A CAFÉ CHANTANT IN ST. PETERSBURG

BY ANDR

"White Nights in Russia"

LIFE IN SUMMER AT ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW

By JEAN D'AUVERGNE

Sand and Hot Winds

Already the "White Nights" are growing darker and darker, and no longer is it possible to play tennis in Petersburg up to eleven o'clock. Summer is coming to its natural end. It is not hard to understand why the Russian who is compelled to live in town should detest the summer. There are few more unpleasant places to live in than Petersburg or Moscow in the full heat of a Russian summer. Petersburg has one fine street. Moscow has the Kuznetsky. The rest is sand and cobble laid down haphazard, and, when the hot winds blow, the whole resembles more a country town in China or a village in the Sahara than any European city.

"Treking"

To escape from this life even the poorer classes have resort to all manner of shifts. The environs of nearly all large Russian towns are studded with little summer villages of primitive, unfurnished log bungalows. In May four or five carts are hired. The flat furniture is packed up, and the Russian family "treks" to the country. It is not an ideal existence. In the country there are no roads, no luxuries, and no shops. The daily bread, the milk, the butter, the eggs—all of which one might expect to find better in the country—have to be carried down by the unfortunate husband, who fights daily for a seat, or, sometimes, a foothold on the couplings of the suburban trains.

Amusements

There are no amusements beyond precocious flirting, mild lawn tennis, periodical burglaries, and for the let-me-die-soons football in a temperature of 110 in the shade. I had forgot. There is fishing—Russian fishing. One hires a boat on a small lake. A nice warm sunny day is chosen. A kind of bed-tent is rigged up in the boat—very soft and comfortable. Some seven or eight rods are put out. Then the hardy fisher settles down to eat and drink and read and sleep. The Russian is the most patient fisherman in the world. He can spend hours in this way.

Cafés Chantants

Such is country life. For myself I prefer the heat of the town. There are compensations. From the artistic point of view Moscow, being an Eastern city, is more beautiful and more easily explored in summer, and then the summer is the season of the all-night summer cafés-chantants-gardens. (In Russia winter is the season of the *all-night* winter cafés chantants. Spring and autumn likewise.) Russians never sleep in winter, because it is the festive season, and they are engaged in the pursuit of all-night pleasure. In summer they do not sleep in order to avoid the heat, and so they go to the gardens.

The Gardens of Babylon A Russian summer garden is quite unlike any other form of entertainment in the world. The first thing that strikes the foreigner is the number of the shows in the one enclosure. There is a closed-in theatre, an open-air theatre, a skating rink, a café-concert, a cabaret, half-a-dozen orchestras, booths, side-shows, and all the paraphernalia of a fair, and the amusement lasts from eight in the evening till five the next morning. By that time the sun is already in the heavens, and a drive in the park is the order of the day. Here are fresh restaurants which only open at five, and so the entertainment never grows stale. And everywhere champagne is *de rigueur*. The Russian, who is somewhat coarse in his pleasures, is rowdy and uninteresting in his cups, and all interest is centred in the unfortunates who provide for his entertainment.

A Russian Köpenick Russia — always behind the times—has now her Captain Köpenick. A few weeks ago there appeared in Petersburg an exceedingly smart police officer—well-dressed and possessed of charming manners. He was seen everywhere in the *beau monde*—always accompanied, *bien entendu*, by damsels of the fairer sex. He was lavish in his expenditure, and his dinners were the smartest in Petersburg. Altogether a very fine fellow. He would probably be still the same fine fellow to-day if he had not unfortunately run short of his gold and his temper at the same time. The first was only a trifling inconvenience. A "Preestaff" has no difficulty in borrowing in Russia. The frequent fits of bad temper, however, meant riding for a fall—especially when these fits could only be cured by smashing and destroying the furniture and crockery of the restaurants he frequented.

A Broken Bust The management were properly patient, but a broken Venus bust whose head had been shattered by a champagne bottle proved too much, and the police were finally ordered to arrest the gay "Preestaff." The "bobby," however, proved obdurate He could not arrest his superior officer, and it was only when a Rotmeister had been summoned that the arrest could be effected. The pseudo-Preestaff turned out to be the well-known Moscow criminal, Merzlyakoff. Little wonder that Russia leads the world in dramatic art. JEAN D'AUVERGNE

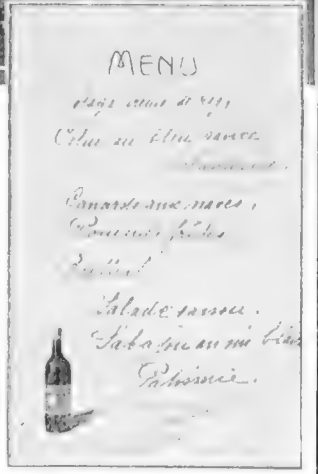
"Mine Host"—As He Is in Switzerland

SIMPLON-DORF

The little village near the summit of the famous Simplon Pass, where our correspondent met with the ideal inn and inn-keeper

"Myself and Mine Host"

A correspondent writes:—"I have read 'Journeyman's' article on English Inns in the current issue of THE BYSTANDER with much interest, and, from personal experience, can endorse every word he says. As an illustration of the contrast between the treatment that one meets with at wayside inns on the Continent and that dealt out to one by the English country innkeeper, I send you the enclosed photograph and *menu* card. The former is a snapshot of Simplon-Dorf—a tiny village near the summit of the Simplon Pass. I arrived at an inn in this village at eight o'clock in the evening, recently, with two companions, while tramping the Alps, and received a warm welcome from the proprietor. Late as it was, within twenty minutes we were sitting down to the excellent little dinner shown on the *menu*—and the service was as good as the dinner We had no luggage, other than that contained in our *rücksacs*, and, after a dusty day's tramp over the pass, were anything but prepossessing in appearance. This is by no means an isolated case, but is typical of the attitude of the innkeeper towards the traveller all over Switzerland."



THE MENU CARD

Of the impromptu dinner served at twenty minutes' notice in the tiny inn at Simplon-Dorf

"Daughter of the Priest of On"

MISS JESSIE WINTER. WHO IS PLAYING ASENATH IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

Picture photograph *Elwin Neame*

Joseph and His Brethren is the title of the new biblical drama due for production on September 2nd, by Sir Herbert Tree, at His Majesty's. Though Asenath, Joseph's wife, played by Miss Winter, is only mentioned in two verses of the Old Testament, Mr. Louis N. Parker, the author of the play, has woven a very charming love story around her and Joseph, whom she first meets as a slave in the house of Potiphar, whither she has gone to help with the decorations for the wedding of Potiphar and Zuleika. After a charming love scene in the gardens, followed by "l'affaire Zuleika," and a consequent misunderstanding, Joseph and Asenath are married between Acts II. and III.

A Repertory Star

WHO WILL SHINE AS THE VILLAIN OF THE NEW DRURY LANE DRAMA

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MR. C. M. HALLARD

Who will play the villain in *Sealed Orders*, the new drama by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, due at Drury Lane on September 11. Playgoers will remember seeing him in June last at the Court Theatre, when he created the leading character in that interesting play by a new author, entitled *The Cage*. Among the many important parts he has played are John Shand in *What Every Woman Knows*, Hilary in *The New Sin*, and Laroque in *Madame X*.

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

BON-BONS!

By STARR JOHNS

I WAS told this story by someone who vouched for its truth; knowing the people concerned, I can believe it. It contains nothing magical or uncanny, but when I heard it I was convinced that there are some women who, from the point of view of real worth, not judging by the standard of men who possess votes nowadays, should have the vote.

There are only four characters in this story: A man, a woman, another woman, and a maid.

The first two were man and wife. I am not allowed to tell their names, so will call them simply Dick and Sally. These, of course, are nothing like their real names, which are artistic and uncommon.

Dick was a type of Englishman who has more money than he knows what to do with as a single man, but who finds it difficult to curtail little expenses when married. He was well-bred, good-looking enough, and possessed by inheritance of more money than was good for him.

He had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, from whom he might have chosen someone to become his wife, but instead of this he deliberately married a demure little girl who knew very little, and understood less, of the set to which he belonged. She had been well brought up, in a clean healthy way, and although she was by no means ignorant of the world, yet so far she had escaped coming into close contact with the peculiar broad-mindedness of the smart set in regard to their own peccadilloes, and their general views of life.

Being a clever adaptable girl, Sally soon understood the primary rules of the game, and was careful to give no sign of the slight disgust she felt when some things were explained to her.

To do Dick justice, once married he tried to keep his wife as far as possible from certain contaminations, However, after two years, during which he had played the devoted husband, he thought it necessary to have a change.

It may be presumed that two years of conjugal bliss struck him as altogether too proper and correct; he may even have thought that, unless some kind of talk of him in connection with some other woman than his wife should get about he might lose his footing with his charming circle of friends. This, of course, is only a surmise.

Suffice it to say that, almost before he was aware of it, he was pretty deeply entangled with a lady of foreign origin who started her career as a Paris *mannequin*.

It is quite wonderful how these dainty creatures transform themselves from wild flowers into most expensive exotics, and this Dick found to his cost. For no sooner had his enchantress found herself installed in a dainty bijou flat in London than her wants began to multiply with appalling rapidity. Her chief passion was for jewellery, and the taste that in the beginning had been satisfied with a small half-hoop ring could soon only be assuaged with extremely costly pendants, brooches, bracelets, etc. Now, should a millionaire have to find the money for such presents he might not be seriously embarrassed, but Dick soon found that the price of these gewgaws was making a big hole in his income.

His expenditure when he married had, of course, increased, and, having added a second wife to his family, he experienced unpleasant moments when he looked at his passbook.

I may here tell you that besides her flat, etc., Mademoiselle Fifi was feathering her nest very comfortably.

So Dick decided that it was absolutely necessary for him to start economising, and, naturally, the first thing he thought of was his wife's allowance.

YOUTHFUL HEROES

MOTHER: "Now, children, I want you to kiss Miss Lemon good-bye"
ELDER BROTHER: "Come on Billy, be a sport. It'll be over in a second"

(All rights strictly reserved)

He could easily explain that losses through business had made it necessary for him to retrench, and his wife, being such a good sort, would stand by him and assent to his proposal. Of this he felt sure.

It so happened that the friends of Sally had recounted more than faithfully the rumours that were being spread about Dick. And being a wise, withal proud, woman she refrained from giving the slightest hint of her knowledge, trusting to time to make him tire of his newly-found amusement. She had heard also of certain pieces of jewellery having been bought by her husband, and as she had never received them from him, surmised quite correctly as to their whereabouts.

So when Dick informed her one morning that he had met with "heavy losses in rubber or something," she condoled with him most deeply and with a considerable amount of satisfaction, for she imagined that Dick's being hard up might make it necessary for him to say good-bye to Fifi. Such thoughts, however, met with rather a nasty jar when Dick told her, with a long mournful face, that he would have to reduce her allowance by about half.

She kept her countenance from displaying any signs of the resentment she felt, and after some argument agreed that she must make the best of it.

Within her charming head there were many thoughts being condensed, for the idea that a change was becoming quite inevitable, grew apparent. But what kind of change?

Firstly, it was necessary that her allowance should not be tampered with, as she found it quite difficult enough as it was to keep within its limits. Then, again, she badly wanted some new jewellery herself, and, finally, Miss Fifi must be kept in her place if she had to be kept at all.

Having once made up her mind, Sally spent a considerable time in making various plans for her rival's discomfiture.

Most of them were discarded as impracticable, but one or two were placed aside, to be more fully considered.

After a while she made up her mind, and looking decidedly more cheerful, she dressed and went out. Where she went or what she did I don't know, but it seems that after a busy week or so she had gleaned a great deal of information about her husband and Fifi.

She learnt that the dainty Parisienne had the usual love of sweetmeats, and had a standing order at a large confectioner's for a box of sweets to be sent to her three times a week. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and in order that her tastes might be best consulted, an assistant took the box to her, and if the sweets were not to her liking they were at once exchanged.

Sally also knew that at present Fifi only kept one maid, as her meals were generally eaten at one or other of the swagger restaurants. These two facts suited Sally, and her plans succeeded admirably, as we shall see.

Some days later, it was a Wednesday, Sally, excellently disguised as a shop-assistant knocked at the door of Fifi's flat.

The maid who answered the knock gave her a seat, unwrapped the sweets, and disappeared.

In a few minutes she came back and announced that Madame would require her to wait a few minutes.

Then Sally engaged the maid in a deep and highly interesting conversation. I don't know what about, but should suspect it was some little tit-bit of scandal concerning high life, at the same time offering her some chocolates from her own little bag. The story was rather dragged out, and I am afraid the point was lost upon the maid, for while Sally was speaking, she, that is, the domestic, slipped gently into a chair and fell asleep.

Sally got up, looked carefully at the sleeper, and without hurry walked into Miss Fifi's room.

Strangely enough Fifi was asleep too. Dick's wife examined her rival's features, then looked at her own in a mirror, and, as if completely satisfied, she turned away and looked around her. She then walked to the wardrobe and opened it. She found there what she had expected, and drew out a very superb jewel-case, opened it, and looked with surprise on the jewellery within. No wonder her allowance had to be reduced! Without haste she selected about a dozen of the finest pieces. These she placed in her bag, then she picked up the box of sweets, opened the door of the flat, and walked out.

For two days Sally saw nothing of her husband. On the third evening, however, he came in to dinner, very morose and looking haggard and weary. Sally's heart had an anxious twinge or two as she noticed his dejection, but she made herself more charming to him, made her conversation sparkle, and before the meal was over Dick was decidedly better.

He had had a very severe time with Fifi, her rage, her threats, her denunciations drove him to despair and try how he would he could not assuage her fury, so after enduring it for a long time, he had returned to his home dead tired. Scotland Yard was worrying him, private detectives, too, but no clue, however, had been found.

The next day he endured still more from Fifi, she in the end threatening to leave him altogether unless the jewels were found or replaced.

Dick felt very miserable as he reached his house and let himself in.

Sally met him.

"Oh, Dick, you are home early. Are you going out to-night? Can't you take me to dinner somewhere?"

Dick thought she looked very pretty. And he had not been very attentive to her lately, so he said:

"Oh, yes, if you like; I'll be ready in about an hour."

They dined.

Dick was too much engrossed in his thoughts to pay much attention to his wife.

However, as they reached home just as Sally was entering, he said: "Well, my dear, I am just going to the club for an hour or two."

Pleadingly, Sally held out her hand.

"Oh, don't go to-night, Dick."

Dick's eyes were fastened on her hand. Her third finger was encircled with a magnificent emerald ring.

His jaw dropped, and he gazed as if fascinated; then with a bound he was down the steps. A taxi was near to hand.

Sally, waiting, heard him cry:

"Scotland Yard like the devil!"

Dick sank back in the seat; like a maelstrom his thoughts were revolving. Suddenly they stopped, circling with a jolt.

Where was he going? Scotland Yard! Good God!

But she was his wife.

There was a block in Piccadilly.

Then Dick commenced to laugh, silently at first, then hopelessly.

He leant out of the window.

"Stop here," he cried.

And, still laughing, he paid the fare and turned in for a drink.

STARR JOHNS

Nature Repeats Herself

A EUROPEAN LANDSCAPE WITH AN AUSTRALASIAN "DOUBLE"

URBAS DEFILE, ON THE RIVER URBAS, BOSNIA

Photograph *Beattie, Hobart*

CATARACT GORGE, FROM THE BRIDGE, LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA

The universal expression, "History repeats itself," might well be adapted to "Nature repeats herself" in connection with the two photographs seen on this page. Of the innumerable "natural curiosities" discovered throughout the ages by our Art Department, we have much pleasure in recommending the above example of duplicated scenic effects as worthy of special commendation

The Penalty

The politics of New York State may fairly be described as both extensive and peculiar. In *The Penalty* (Constable: 6*s*.) Mr. Gouvernour Morris shows that he has explored this strange city with commendable thoroughness. And it is a pleasure to find that, although every other page contains some sensational incident, his story never descends to the level of the ordinary shocker. *The Penalty*, indeed, is a rattling good story. Of its complicated plot I shall have nothing to say; but its villain deserves notice. This man—Blizzard by name—is a legless genius, who seems able to wield rather more power than the President of the United States. He throws women into the river and binds lead piping round their bodies to make them sink (We have surely never done this yet in England). He appears in the streets as a beggar, but the Lieutenant-Governor is in his pay. His behaviour with women—even when he does not enclose them in lead piping—is not nice; but perhaps there is some excuse for him. As a child, his legs were cut off, and the doctor was guilty of an error of judgment. It so happens that that same doctor is called on to perform an operation again on Mr. Blizzard, and then something most unexpected takes place. An operation is performed—but it is not the one which Blizzard desires, with the result that the Napoleon's wickedness is no more. I have been purposely vague, for this is the kind of book in which to look at the last chapter is a sin and an abomination. But I can certainly recommend Mr. Morris's story for light reading.

Photograph *Parker*

MR. D. H. LAWRENCE

Whose fine new novel "Sons and Lovers" is reviewed on this page

The Beautiful Luckless Heroine

Summer has come, and with it, amongst other more important things, a Hall Caine novel, which has been banned by the libraries, and gone into a fourth impression, and done all that could be expected of it. Some newspapers have treated it more or less as a Silly-Season topic, and Mr. Caine has scored rather neatly off those very moral library people who dared to dictate to a man whose works appear simultaneously in most of the known languages of the globe. Having said so much, however, it is difficult to say much more of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* (Heinemann: 6*s*.). It is very long and very dull, decidedly unpleasant in parts, and wretchedly written. There is the beautiful heroine always in distress, and the wicked peer, and the faithful priest, and the strong, godlike hero who goes to the Pole. There are the good old platitudes and the good old coincidences and all the flowery mush of the old-time Adelphi drama. We have read it all before—over and over again. But—as Mr. Caine knows well enough—thousands of people like this kind of thing, and may be thrilled by the wickedness of it all, and will cry bitterly when the heroine rather conveniently dies.

Sons and Lovers

It is a pleasure to turn from Mr. Hall Caine's dreary pages to Mr. D. H. Lawrence's really fine *Sons and Lovers* (Duckworth: 6*s*.). Here you have the plain tale, exquisitely told, of a miner's family—probably quite an ordinary family, but lifted out from its compeers by Mr. Lawrence's carefully affectionate pen. The whole book moves, slowly and delicately, round and about this miner's wife's love for her second son. The character of Mrs. Morel, indeed, is superbly drawn. She belongs to the great characters of fiction. You cannot forget this brave little womanly woman who fears the spiritual Miriam "good" though she is, and does not mind the more sensuous Clara — a married woman — who, for a time, at any rate, takes her son from her. The miner himself strong, selfish, occasionally brutal——is only of importance before his children have grown up. Afterwards, you feel that nothing he may do or say can alter the relations between mother and son. Paul himself is a contradictory young man. There comes a time when you fear that he is going to succumb to Miriam; but that passes, and when Mrs. Morel dies—a very terrible chapter, this—Mr. Lawrence is done. No complicated "plot," no melodramatic encounters; just a plain tale about a young man and his mother; but rather a wonderful tale, to be read slowly and with care; for Mr. Lawrence has a point of view of his own. His book is a big thing to have done. And what a pity it is that *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* rather than *Sons and Lovers* should be chosen for simultaneous production in so many countries!

RALPH STRAUS

PRINCESS DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE
On the tennis courts at Le Touquet

HOLIDAY NOTES

By "THE TRAVELLER"

BARON DE FOREST
On the golf links at Le Touquet

Triumphant Deauville

THE conquest of Trouville has been completed, and Deauville now reigns supreme—so supremely that Trouville, save for one or two hotels and a few villas, can scarcely be said to exist. Its downfall is one of the most amazing events in the history of French holiday-resorts. Until last season Deauville was merely a sort of playground for Trouville visitors, where they raced and played polo, and that was all. But the astute M. Cornuché, who was once lord of Maxim's until an English company made it worth his while to abdicate, and who still directs the Ambassadeurs on the Champ Elysées, saw his opportunity and took it. If they play polo and race at Deauville, said he, why on earth should they not eat, sleep, and, above all, gamble there? So he built a fine casino and fine hotels, and advertised not a little, with the result that the public that had been faithful to Trouville for years turned its back on it and flocked to its once unpretentious sister.

"Fleecing"

To my mind the most amazing thing about the success of Deauville is the fact that people who flock thither allow themselves to be fleeced in a manner which is almost past comprehension. High prices at "resorts" with short seasons one can understand, but when it comes to having to pay fifty francs a head for a *table d'hôte* lunch then one begins to believe that a certain portion of the public really must be mad. Yet while the prices at Deauville are, if possible, even higher than they were at Trouville—and Heaven knows they were dear enough there—the hotels, restaurants, etc., etc., are packed. Monte Carlo is popularly supposed to be a ruinous place—which it is not—but were they to attempt to charge Deauville prices at Monte I dare swear that there would be another revolution in the Principality! Deauville, of course, has this excuse for its charges, and that is that its season barely lasts a month, in spite of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, who will have it that people flock to Norman *plages* in June. Moreover, if they make you pay through the nose at Deauville they "do you" exceedingly well. M. Jules Rey, of the Victoria at Monte, looks after the hotels, and he knows his business, and the brothers Lottier, of Beaulieu Reserve fame, do not have charge of the restaurants for nothing.

Quiet in Brittany

A correspondent who objects to noise writes to me asking me to recommend him an hotel in Brittany where he can be sure of being absolutely quiet. This is what the Americans would call "a tough proposition." Breton hotels, excellent though they are in their way, are not necessarily very solidly built; while your Breton innkeeper has a distinct affection for chickens. I think the quietest hotel in Brittany at which I have ever stayed is the "*Lion d'Or*" at Quimperlé, which was once a monastery and whose walls are consequently thick. Quimperlé is a lovely spot, and the women's *coiffures* are alone worth a journey thither to see. At Dinan, too, there is a quiet old hotel—the *Poste*; but in these days of motor cars where can you expect to find absolute peace? Besides, as regards quiet in hotels, so very much depends upon one's next-door neighbour. If my correspondent must have absolute quiet, I fear he will have to seek it in a villa rather than an inn.

Varied Standards

Apropos of this query, it would be of immense help to myself in replying to my many correspondents if they would let me know as nearly as possible what they wish to spend. The word "cheap" is really more vague than some imagine. There are many who will consider twenty francs per day quite economical, while there are others who will look upon ten francs as excessive. I must also ask those who expect a reply by post to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Answers to Queries

COMMANDER S. (MONTREUX).—I have written to the Bureau de Renseignments, asking them to send you a list.

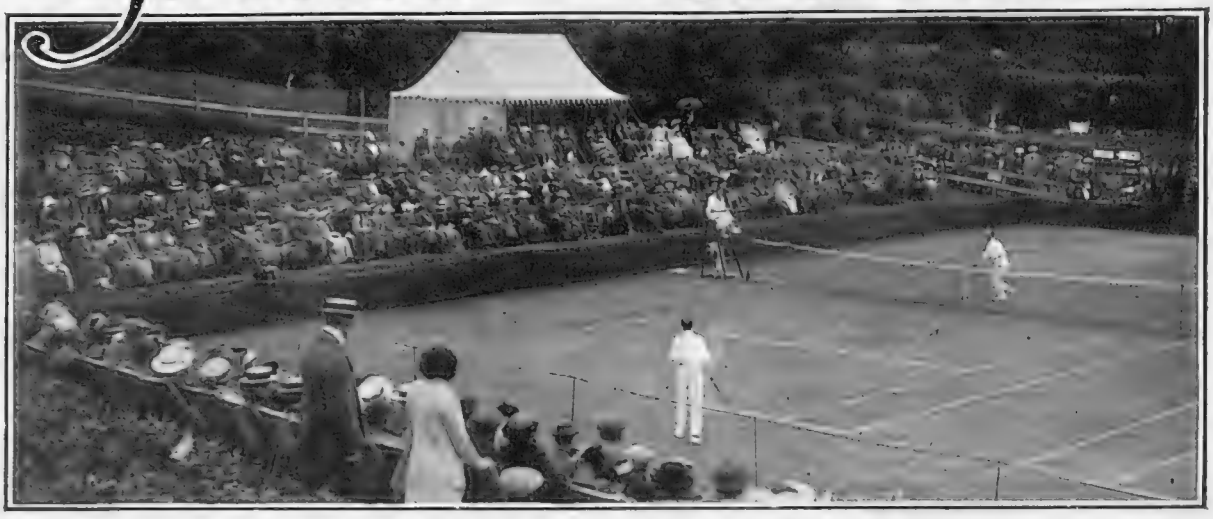
H. M. H. (BOULOGNE).—I have posted you the name of the restaurant. The hotel is the Commerce.

G. E. J. (BOULOGNE).—I hope you received my letter safely. Let me know what you think of it

MRS. E. (AMBLETEUSE).—Ambleteuse is about three miles from the links. No; it is anything but a winter resort. The links are open all the year round. Yes; there are houses with gardens. The rents vary considerably. Write to M. Fouquet, Grand Hotel. He will give you every information.

H. A. R. (ECONOMICAL HOLIDAY).—Why not try Dieppe? There are several hotels that would take you in for ten francs a day, all included. At Boulogne you can put up at the Commerce for as little as nine francs per day. Wimereux, near Boulogne, might suit. Here, again, you could easily spend a fortnight for the amount you mention. THE TRAVELLER

SPORTS and PASTIMES



THE FINAL DAY OF THE YORKSHIRE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT SCARBOROUGH

The picture shows the Final of the Singles for the Championship of Europe Cup, in which J. C. Parke beat F. G. Lowe by three sets to love

LAWN TENNIS

Continental Commercialism

When the International Federation was formed in Paris, last Spring, I prophesied in THE BYSTANDER that harm rather than good would be done to the game therefrom; and my prophecy is already beginning to come true. Experience has shown that the more the commercial element is introduced into a game, the more does that game become one which is unsuited for gentlemen and amateurs. Experience had shown, too, that the attitude of the majority of the governing bodies in lawn tennis on the Continent was frankly commercial, and therefore it was almost inevitable that, at a conference where Continental delegates were in the majority, their influence would be strong enough to secure the recogniton of principles which are at variance with the spirit of amateurism as it is understood in this country. This is, in fact, what happened. The clause in the international agreement which sanctioned the payment of players' expenses at all tournaments where "world's championships" are held ought never to have been subscribed to by our delegates; for, as I pointed out, a player who has his expenses paid in order that he may win prizes *for himself* ceases to be an amateur in the true sense of the term. It was this precious clause that was at the root of all the unpleasantness which arose at Wimbledon this year in connection with the virtual boycotting of the tournament by France.

Its Latest Manifestations

The next "world's championship" meeting—the world's covered-courts championships—is due to start at Stockholm on November 2, and in the printed conditions relating thereto we have further evidence of Continental commercialism. The draw will not be conducted on the ordinary principle, by lot, but it will be "cooked"—or, as they say in America, "seeded"—in such a way that the best players will steer clear of each other until the concluding stages. The object of this, of course, is "gate" pure and simple—the ensuring of closely-contested semi-finals and finals between crack players (who might otherwise meet each other in the first round) and of a big crowd to watch them. "Cooking" the draw is, of course, illegal in this country; and a proposal, some time back, to introduce it in a modified form at Wimbledon was defeated at a meeting of our own association by a large majority. The luck of the draw is one of the things that make for sport in a tournament; but, on the Continent, they care for none of these things. The first consideration is, how much can be made out of the tournament by the club, association, or other organising body which is "running" it.

H. S. S.

GOLF

Abe Mitchell

I take the earliest opportunity of giving my readers the authentic facts respecting the present position and prospects of that brilliant artisan player, Abe Mitchell, about whom so much ink was shed just previous to the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. I am not going back to the controversy which Mitchell's entry for that Championship occasioned. His entry was accepted by the authorities and, therefore, there is no more to be said on the point beyond recording the fact that in the main there was agreement among the older players that though Mitchell was technically right, yet he was wrong in spirit. When we were at Hoylake we all understood that Mitchell intended still further to retain his technical amateur status so as to enter for the American Amateur Championship, as well as the American open event, for which Vardon, Ray, and other great lights, have entered. Still, when it was found that the great men had left and that there was no sign of Mitchell starting it was felt that some change had occurred in his plans. The solution of the mystery is now in our possession, for Mitchell has left Sir Abe Bailey's service and has consequently abandoned his American trip. He has also decided, this time finally and irrevocably, to become a professional, and will be glad to take a post whenever he gets a chance. He has, therefore, got back to the point at which he was in January, when he informed me he had decided to become a professional, on the strength of which statement I published the fact and called attention to his qualities for his new profession.

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An Engaging Personality

Mitchell suffers from the disadvantage of not possessing the technical training of a club-maker and repairer, but this is, to a considerable extent, counterbalanced by his brilliance as a player and his excellent personal qualities. In order, however, to remedy this defect in his armour Mitchell has, I understand, come to an agreement with his cousin, Bert Mitchell, who is a brother and assistant of Arthur Mitchell, the well-known professional of the St. Leonard's and East Sussex Golf Club. Bert Mitchell is a thoroughly trained club-maker, and is also an admirable player with a very taking style. It is the intention of the cousins to offer their services in a joint capacity, Bert as the practical man and Abe as his playing assistant, who would go out and play with members or teach them the secrets of his driving powers. They should make an admirable combination, and I consider that any young club would be lucky to secure their services. If any of my readers know of any such club and care to communicate with me on the subject I shall be most happy to bring the parties into touch with each other, and do everything in my power to facilitate matters.

POPULAR GIRL CADDIES
Much "en évidence" on the golf links at Le Touquet

His True Career

I took a very strong line about Mitchell just previous to the Amateur Championship, as I felt bound to do in the interests of pure amateurism but I was convinced throughout that he was the victim of bad advice, and was not really responsible himself. I have known him and his cousin for many years, and can speak confidently for both of them in regard to steadiness, good temper, and cheerful willingness. They are both in the prime of life, being each about twenty-six years old. Given a post at some good club with a good course I see no reason why Abe Mitchell should not win the highest prize a professional can aspire to within the next few years. It was evident that neither at St. Andrews nor at Hoylake was he quite happy about his position, and this, no doubt, affected his play. Once he has found his true career he will, if I am not much mistaken, soon rise to the highest rank in his new profession.

The American Prospects

There should be thrilling doings in American golf this month. Our great trio, Vardon, Ray, and Reid, should give a good account of themselves, and they will have a special *vates sacer* in the person of Mr. Bernard Darwin, who has gone out as the representative of the *Times* to chronicle their doings. All those acquainted with Mr. Darwin's golf reports in the *Times* have no need to be told how admirably that brilliant writer brings out the salient facts and the psychological subtleties of any competition which he attends. I strongly advise no one to miss his accounts in the *Times* of the American Championship.

ERNEST LEHMANN

SHOOTING

A Bad Year for Grouse—

My forecast of sport on the moors has turned out to be correct. It is not a good year for grouse, and though in some places there is a fair show of birds, in most others there is a decided dearth of them. There are also many small birds, and this will delay shooting for a time. The weather has been all in favour of shooting, and very delightful it is just now on the moors, but the bags are small, and will, I think, continue to be so. Moors ought really to be shot lightly, otherwise it will mean more small bags for next season. Most men, however, have been prepared for a bad year, and, therefore, like good sportsmen, they must take the rough with the smooth, and hope for better luck another year. Let us, therefore, look elsewhere for a grain of comfort, and turn our thoughts to golden September and the little brown bird, for here, at least, is "corn in Egypt" for the disappointed "grouser."

—But a Good One for Partridges

It is very pleasant once again, after a spell of bad seasons, to look forward with certainty to a really good partridge year. Indeed, I venture to say it is going to be a particularly good one, due to the fact that the weather has been favourable to breeding and rearing right through. I expect, therefore, to hear of big bags and no end of good sport in most parts, and this, I trust, may in a measure make up for the inevitable disappointment on the moors. And let me once again remind those who hope for big results that they must shoot hard in September, otherwise, unless they are particularly good shots, they will not attain their desire. It is, of course, difficult to ascertain exactly what the supply of birds is on an estate until the corn is cut, for though we may know approximately what nests there were, still we cannot always tell how they hatched off, as partridges, once off the nest, manage to hide themselves very successfully. It is only the keeper, or more often the country policeman on his solitary early round, who is able to form some idea of the size of coveys, for it is then the birds are to be seen, soon after daybreak, dusting themselves and picking up grit on the roads and lanes. This accomplished, the birds then seek

(*Continued on page 536*)

"Britain's Best Babies"

Particulars of the Competition

164,800 babies competed. The Competition opened on Nov. 18th, 1912, and closed on March 8th, 1913.

Only babies between the ages of twelve months and two years were eligible. Each baby was examined by a medical man, who gave a signed certificate.

The first prize and title of "Britain's Best Baby" were awarded to Baby Blake, who was fed on the "Allenburys" Foods.

The Competition was promoted and carried out by the proprietors of the "Daily Sketch" Newspaper. The Competition was entirely independent in character.

BABY BLAKE, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE, AND AWARDED THE TITLE, "BRITAIN'S BEST BABY."

Parents' Remarks

Mother of 1st Prize Winner writes: "He did splendidly on it (the 'Allenburys' Foods). Cut his teeth without any trouble and to time. Had very good nights, and has always been a most contented child."

Mother of Baby Clout writes: "She was brought up on your Foods in rotation, and looks well and healthy."

Mother of Baby Shrimpton writes: "He was from birth brought up exclusively upon Allen & Hanburys Foods, which suited him from the first.

Father of Baby Desborough writes: "She was entirely fed on your Foods and Rusks. Height 2 ft. 11 in.; weight 2 st. 10 lbs., with a chest measurement of 22 in."

The National Physical Welfare £1,000 Competition

BABY CLOUT, WINNER OF ONE OF THE EIGHT SECOND PRIZES.

BABY DESBOROUGH, WINNER OF THE FOURTH PRIZE.

BABY SHRIMPTON, WINNER OF ONE OF THE EIGHT SECOND PRIZES.

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From the Heights to the Depths

A HIGH-DIVING CHAMPION IN MID-AIR

Ornamental high-diving is at once the most picturesque and exciting sport for the gentle spectator, necessitating, as it does, the essence of grace and endurance of, and involving a considerable amount of risk to, the exponent. Our photograph, which was taken during the recent display of high-diving at the Jersey Swimming Club's Sports, shows Mr. George Gaidzik, the amateur all-round high-diving champion (1910) of the United States and Canada, striking a graceful attitude 'twixt the heavens and the deep sea

(*Continued from page 532*)

their food, and afterwards take cover in such a manner that anyone might well imagine there was not a bird on the place, for all that can be seen of them.

Driving versus Tramping

Those birds of which I have caught a glimpse, at the end of July and commencement of August, were very forward; in fact, I have never seen them more so. The natural result will be they will soon become wild, especially in districts where roots and covert are scarce. In those parts sportsmen will find that even quite early in the season they will have their work cut out to get near them, and, therefore, their only chance will be to "drive" them at once. Some people like walking-up birds best; some like them driven. The old fashioned gunner scorns "driving," and prefers tramping, but I am one of those who like the driven birds, as I consider them far harder to hit, whilst the excitement of hearing and seeing the driven birds coming rapidly towards one is certainly very attractive. On small shoots, however, it is not always advisable to drive, *i.e.*, if they are under 1,000 acres, as it is very easy to drive them off the shoot on to one's neighbour's land, at any rate, for that day. It always amuses me to see the way some people turn their noses up at driving and to hear them speak of it as being unsportsmanlike, etc., etc. Do we not all know the dear good creature who bangs down his fist on the table and loudly maintains, "Yes, sir, give me my dog and my gun, some rough fields and hedgerows, some bread and cheese in my pocket, and let me work to find my birds. That, sir, is what *I* call sport." Yes, yes, my good friend, probably you do, I have no doubt you thoroughly enjoy it. But please do not ask me to do this; I am not fond of stumbling over "turmuts," I loathe getting my thighs and knees soaked with icy water on "wurzels;" I am not partial to bread and cheese as a meal eaten on a damp bank; I get very hot when I walk, and am easily exhausted, and when I suffer from all these I do not shoot as well as I ought to do, and I get cross and say rude things to my gun and the birds when I miss. Therefore I say give me a series of well-worked drives for choice.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE DRIVES, SOMERLEYTON

Sir Savile Crossley's Shoot, near Lowestoft. Seen in the photograph are Sir Savile Crossley and Mrs. Godfrey Faussett

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a garden party, or a picnic, the ideal beverage is "C & C" Ginger Ale.

"C & C" is the aristocrat of mineral waters. It has the life and gaiety of Champagne without the fire—and at a twentieth of the cost.

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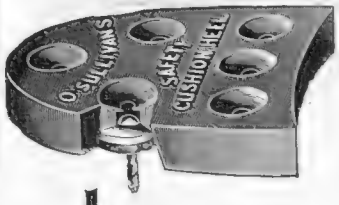

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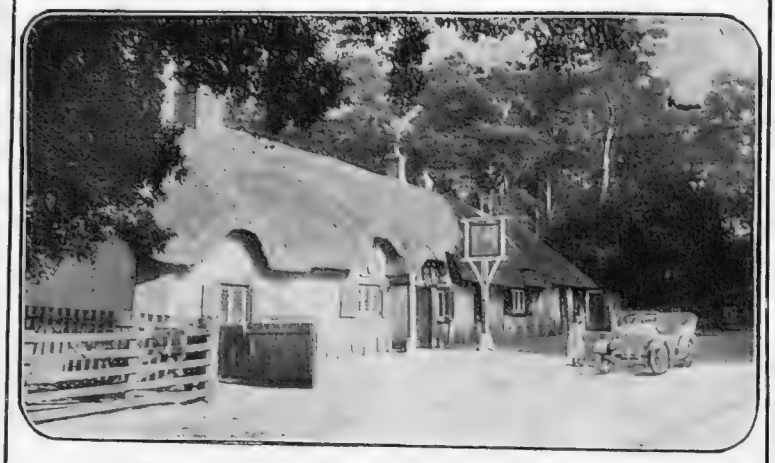
Men's, 1/6 „ „

Fitting Extra

If your shoemaker cannot supply send P.O and outline of heel to the manufacturers :—

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., LTD., 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.



For Summer Tours

THE GRAVELLY surfaces of our summer roads reveal the very best qualities of the Goodrich rubber-studded tread. It grips surely and consistently, prevents the disconcerting dry skid, and combats the attacks of loose flints with unexampled strength. . . . To make your summer tours quite successful—to achieve the greatest security and realise the limit of luxury—fit rapid, resilient, reliable

GOODRICH TYRES

All users of motor traction should try GOODRICH BAND TYRES and get the maximum of safety, resilience, and durability.

Mfd. by the B.F. Goodrich Co., Ltd., 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

Do you scrape your face?
Does it smart and burn?

YOU need a

"UNIVERSAL" SAFETY RAZOR

which severs each hair cleanly, without scraping or irritating the face.

PRICE 10/6
Including Extra Blade.

Your barber uses this type of razor. Ask him why.

Write for Razor Booklet.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK,
Room 10 31, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, LONDON, E.C.

ANGLERS and other outdoor sportsmen will not be troubled by Mosquitos, Gnats, Midges, etc., if they use **"MUSCABANE"** which effectually repels these and other pests. Fragrant, Efficient and Harmless. Of all Chemists, 1/3 per tube. Note the trade mark 'Muscabane.'
ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard St., E.C.

Exterminated by 'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS

RATS

without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists.

Write for particulars to—

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
56 G, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

White Teeth, Sweet Breath, Healthy Gums—these are the Pebeco user's sure reward!

By neutralising destructive mouth-acids Pebeco actually prolongs the life of the teeth. Its action upon the gums and membranes conduces to vigorous mouth-health, and its use imparts a quite indescribable sensation of perfect freshness and cleanliness.

Doctors and dentists have recommended Pebeco for 20 years.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco Tooth Paste is sold ordinarily in large collapsible tubes, 1/-, by all Chemists, Stores, etc., etc.

10-Day tube of Pebeco, with interesting test, free. Send two penny stamps for postage, etc.

P. BEIERSDORF & CO., 7-8, IDOL LANE, LONDON, E.C.

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

"GOING SOME"

Mr. Hollingsworth's "Crusader" competing in the Royal Motor Yacht Club's eliminating trials for the purpose of selecting a British team of defenders for the British International Trophy. The trials were held in Southampton Water a week or so ago. "Crusader" (with Thorneycroft hull and Brooks engine) finished second to "Maple Leaf"

Literary Lakeland

"THE roads are remarkably good, though sometimes there is a spice of adventure in their conquest," writes Mr. George D. Abraham in his last book, "Motor Ways in Lakeland" (Methuen 7*s.* 6*d.*). "Spice of adventure" is distinctly precious. There was a road by Grasmere which we struck unawares on the 15 h.-p. Crossley a few weeks ago, on which that spice was spread with a trowel. The higher we climbed the greater the spice and the less the road. The Crossley did it finely on "first," but it was clever driving that pulled us through. But Mr. Abraham has written a very entrancing book, illustrated by photographs bearing the name of G. P. Abraham, a name almost as famous as the Lakes themselves. The Abrahams are the great pictorial and literary exponents of Lakeland, and the name is guarantee of an intimacy with the district that must express itself in a great gossiping guide.

Photograph *Underwood*

MR. S. D. BEGBIE'S "DOONE II."

A competitor in the handicap for Mrs. Edgar Thornton's Silver Cup, which it was eventually successful in capturing

Road Guides

"Scotland for the Motorist," the second edition of which is issued by the Automobile Association, is guide-book and that very rare quality in a guide-book, literature. Mr. Inglis Ker, the author, knows his country as you and I our gardens; but he knows more than the road between two given points. He knows its story, its folk-lore, its monuments and antiquities, as few men know them; and he can invest his route with a literary charm that is foreign to the ordinary guide-book while still retaining all its essential guide-book qualities. So you may find the way with ease and at the journey's end have literature to read well worth the reading, the story quickened for you by the intimacy of personal experience on the ground described. The best is always good enough for the A.A., and they secured the guarantee of that for their members when they asked Inglis Ker to undertake the production of "Scotland for the Motorist."

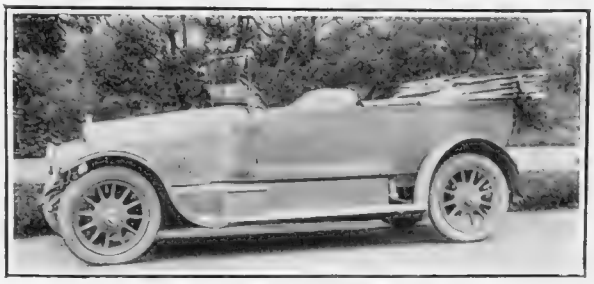
Hard Lines

A brace of examples of the lines which are hard: First, the Panhard set out with the best of prospects after the twelve-hours track record, and, on the evidence of the first hour—during which it covered 91 miles—had the result at its mercy. Then came one of those minor mishaps that can never be safeguarded against. A thread stripped on the air-pressure pipe union, a temporary repair failed, and, by the time the little thing was in order again, the rain descended and ruined the prospect for the day. The second example was Hawker's luck. Everbody knows what happened to Hawker's two attempts to make a circuit of Great Britain on his Sopwith waterplane, fitted with a Green engine. The first was bad enough, and involved a physical breakdown at Yarmouth; but the second, after getting round as

far as Dublin, was almost tragic. But assuredly Hawker did well, if only to demonstrate that we've got the men and we've got the engine. If we had the money, too, all would be passing well.

Carburetter Control

Markt and Co. (98-100, Clerkenwell Road), that house of help for all distressed motorists, have recently added to their long list of accessories of real value two more, both excellent and both economical in first cost and in results. The first is called the "Speedler," and is a device for spraying the firing mixture with air after the carburetter has finished with it. It is fitted into the intake pipe and controlled through a flexible wire by finger pressure on a steering-wheel lever, or the lever can be fitted to any other convenient spot. It is possible, therefore, to adjust the mixture to the engine's exact requirements at any given speed or under any climatic conditions. The result is a thoroughly atomised charge, greater power, greater petrol economy, and as incidental virtues, there is the advantage of a thoroughly efficient air-break, obtained by throttling down the carburetter and opening the air-spray (which also cools and cleanses the engine), and, again, there is the fact that the "Speedler," plus a little kerosene, will thoroughly cleanse cylinder and piston heads, inlets and exhausts of all carbon deposits in very little time. A very acceptable device indeed, costing a guinea in the car size or 12*s.* 6*d.* in motor-cycle size.



THE WOLSELEY MASTERPIECE

A 16-20 Wolseley Car, with a specially designed boat-shaped body by Cann, and sold by Messrs. White-Coleman, of Camden Town

Against the Hand-Pump

The second device is a rotary hand-pump of four cylinders in opposed horizontal pairs, sucking air through automatic inlets. A geared handle ensures a maximum of pressure to a minimum of effort, and as a fact, owing to the pump operating through the whole cycle of the handle turn, the absence of any wasted effort (such as the up-stroke on the ordinary hand-pump), and the impossibility of leakage, a tyre can be fully inflated in a quarter the usual time and less than a quarter the effort. It is fixed to the running board, and is, therefore, aways available without search, and is always ready for use. A length of tube from pump to any wheel conducts the air. With pressure-gauge £3 3*s.*, or without gauge £2 15*s.* A very considerable palliation of one of the most desperate bugbears of motoring.

In Compression

All whom it may concern, a rapidly growing body to-day, please note that R.C.H Cars have changed their headquarters from Great Portland Street to Bloemfontein Avenue, Shepherd's Bush. Note the address particularly, because thereat can be found one of the best balanced and most efficient of the low-priced cars available to the English market

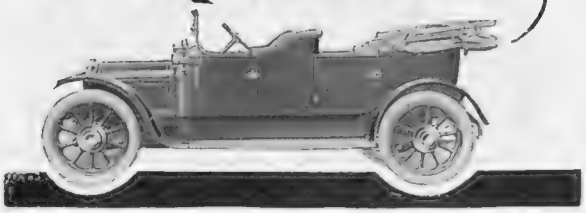
DELAHAYE—"The Car of Economical Upkeep." 12-16 h.p. Limousines and Landaulettes from £450 complete. Entire maintenance, including chauffeur, insurance, etc., undertaken for £175 per annum.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 9, Grafton St., Bond St., W.

The KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the KLAXON-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15*s.* 0*d.*, or complete with dry battery, £4 4*s.* 0*d.*

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER NAPIER CAR

Accompanied by the Duchess of Fife and her fiancé, Prince Arthur of Connaught. The Princess Royal has been a consistent user of the six-cylinder Napier car since 1904

The 'Killarney' Phaeton



Models and chassis prices with tyres.

10 h.p. 4-cyl. ..	£260
20 h.p. 4-cyl. ..	£375
18/24 h.p. 4-cyl.	£500
30 h.p. 4-cyl. ..	£550
"Defiance" car complete ...	£1,000

Delivery at Works.

AN OPEN CAR —— AND MORE

A business car, a car for pleasure, for town or country roads. There are few occasions for motoring when the Killarney Phaeton is not the ideal car. Flush-sided, it has a scuttle dash which can be fitted with ventilators, and top-light let in flush, when required. Seating accommodation is for five persons and the car is finished in the finest manner possible. Raked steering only. Ready for the road. Delivery at Works **£570**

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Longbridge Works, NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W. (near Marble Arch), and at Paris, Manchester, and Norwich.

Austin

"The car that has set the fashion to the motoring world"

— THE —

Amateur Photographer

GETS HIS CHANCE IN THE COMPETITION ORGANISED BY

"THE GRAPHIC."

First Prize	-	***25 guineas.***
Second Prize	-	***10 ,,***
Third Prize	-	***5 ,,***

PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE RECEIVED ANY TIME UP — TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1913. —

All you have to do is to fill up a Special Coupon which you will find every week in

"THE GRAPHIC."

Tallis House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.
Paris Office: 35, Rue Lafayette.

The SAVOY TAYLORS' GUILD

The most elegantly appointed Shop in London.

The finest argument for a "Savoy Taylors' Guild" overcoat is comparison with any other Coat sold at a similar price, more particularly with some of the widely advertised Coats. For their correctness of cut and perfection of finish and value, these Coats of ours are both unbeaten and unbeatable. Call, if you possibly can, and see them.

THE
SAVOYARD RAGLAN

Incontestably the best tailored ready-to-wear Coat on the market. Exclusive colourings in West of England Whipcords and very smart Venetians.

Thoroughly Waterproof.

Lined throughout or half lined with waterproof silk, beautifully finished down to the smallest detail. Any figure fitted perfectly from stock.

Ready or to measure from **63/-** Patterns sent by return

The SAVILE Evening Overcoat in soft black Scotch Cheviots and dark grey West of England Cloths—lined silk throughout and silk faced. The handsomest Town Coat obtainable.

£5 : 5 : 0

Lounge Suit or Morning Coat and Vest, from **63/-**

SAVOY TAYLORS' GUILD LD. 88, 93, 94, 95, STRAND and Savoy Court, London

A "nib" in every style

"Whatever your style of handwriting, you will find that I can supply you with the very nib that suits you best. Ask for me personally at the shop to-day."

Onoto Pen

the pen to possess.

Price **10/6** and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd., 215, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

The Secret of Beauty—

is a clear, velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. Before and after exposure to the weather, vigorous exercise, etc., La-rola is extremely beneficial and soothing. La-rola is delightfully fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use.

Bottles 1/-, 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

BEETHAMS

La-rola

Special Offer:—Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, &c. Dept. By.

M. Beetham & Son,
Cheltenham.

SENSATIONAL SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

IMPORTANT TO ALL STOUT PEOPLE.

An Entirely New Remedy.

Wonderful as it might appear, the means are known to-day to enable all people suffering from an excess of adipose tissue to become slim and graceful in appearance.

No doubt many people who have been tempted to try the many useless preparations that are advertised will scoff at this idea. We assure you that this is an absolutely scientific remedy, and are going to convince you of its reliability in reducing abnormal weight and dimensions.

For a long time the secret of fat-reducing has been unknown, but at last, after many years of experimenting, we have solved the secret and found a remedy that is as easy and certain as it is lasting and harmless. In the first place we discovered that obesity was caused by a microbe which was capable of decomposing and transforming the acids of the stomach in such a way that the food which in the ordinary way goes to make blood and muscle was instead converted into fat.

Having discovered the cause, we set about finding an ingredient that would kill this microbe, well knowing that by eliminating the cause the effect would soon disappear and no longer menace the comfort and grace of the patient. After years of careful study success was attained by discovering that an extract prepared from certain marine plants was death to this particular microbe. The extract for convenience is administered in the form of pills. To these pills we have given the name of "Apollo Pills." We herewith quote one of the letters taken at random from the many thousands received.

"Sir,—If you only knew how happy I am. After trying numerous so-called cures for obesity I had given up hope when one day I noticed one of my friends who seemed to have become much thinner in a few days. Being naturally interested, I asked her the reason. She eventually confided to me the secret that she was taking Apollo Pills. In all haste I procured a box. That was a month ago, and to-day I am no more the same looking person. I have entirely regained my normal proportions. I have had to have all my wardrobe restocked with new dresses, and to-day I am able to dress as a lady of fashion should without appearing ridiculous.

"Please accept my grateful thanks.

"From MADAME L., Paris."

What the Apollo Pills have done for Madame L., her friends and for thousands, they will do for you It is a sure and lasting cure because the trouble can no longer exist after the cause has been removed, and the remedy is entirely harmless, being composed solely of the extractive matter resident in marine plants carefully selected. Therefore you need not remain uncomfortable on account of being too fat, besides an excess of fat is very dangerous, as many complications may arise on that account, such as fatty heart, lung, liver, and stomach complaints which might eventually become fatal.

Think awhile: if you commence taking Apollo Pills to-day, in a short time your adipose tissue caused by superfluous fat will entirely and lastingly disappear and you will gradually become thinner and ultimately regain your former figure and graceful carriage.

You will also be able to partake of any tasty morsel of food that might please your palate indiscriminately without being in any danger of its after effects, as the juices of your stomach will have regained their normal acidity.

All the joys of life will return to you.

Think of this before you refuse to try the Apollo Pills.

We have done our best to assure you of their bona fide value and harmless nature. We are happy in knowing that thousands of people have been cured of obesity by taking Apollo Pills. You have only to weigh yourself before commencing to take Apollo Pills and again eight days after to be assured of their effectiveness.

Prepared only by M. Ratie, 45, rue de l'Echiquier, Paris, and can be obtained in England from all chemists or stores, or post free, 6s., from Heppell and Co., Foreign Chemists, Haymarket Strand, Piccadilly, London.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 509.—Vol. XXXIX. Wednesday, September 3, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: **HAMPTON & SONS** 37 GERRARD.

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

FOR THE CAIRO SEASON.

LARGE ENGLISH TYPE VILLA.

MEAD! (14 minutes rail or motor run from Cairo).—To be LET, completely furnished, for 2 months or more, this charming VILLA RESIDENCE,

STANDING IN A MAGNIFICENT GARDEN OF ONE ACRE,

And containing: large marble hall and staircase, 5 large bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, linen room, drawing room, dining room, study, school-room, conservatory, pantry, lavatory, storeroom, servants' offices and bedrooms; motor-house.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, TELEPHONE, FILTERED AND GARDEN WATER UNLIMITED.

Owner's servants can be engaged, 2 speaking English.—Inclusive terms on application to the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

SURREY (between Guildford and Dorking, amidst beautiful country).—To be LET, Unfurnished, PICTURESQUE AND MOST INTERESTING OLD HOUSE, believed to date from Fifteenth Century: situated about 430ft. above sea, on sandy soil. Commanding lovely views. Entrance and inner halls, 3 good reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, bath, and complete offices, servants' hall. Stabling for 5, 2 coach-houses.

GROUNDS OF ABOUT 5½ ACRES.

Double tennis lawn, flower, fruit, and kitchen gardens, paddock, etc.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CAPITAL HUNTING AND GOLF.

YEOVIL (near), perfectly rural situation.—To be LET, Furnished, for a year, charming GEORGIAN MANSION, in lovely position, 300ft. above sea, commanding

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

Long carriage drive, with lodge; 19 bedrooms, 3 reception and billiard rooms, fine hall, complete offices. Stabling, motor-house, groom's rooms.

FINE OLD GARDENS,

with spreading lawns, kitchen garden, paddocks, etc., in all ABOUT 11 ACRES.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

330 ACRES SHOOTING IF REQUIRED.

SMALL PRIVATE GOLF LINKS.

HERTS AND ESSEX (BORDERS). EASY MOTOR DRIVE OF CITY.—To LET, Furnished, from October, for 6 months, or possibly a year, this really delightful COUNTRY RESIDENCE, beautifully placed amidst picturesque and exhilarating surroundings, 340ft. above sea level in the centre of a nice Estate, with remarkable views of forest and other scenery: 2 entrance lodges, 4 reception, small billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, and offices. Stabling, motor garage. Chauffeur and indoor servants might be left.

ATTRACTIVE PLEASURE GROUNDS,

with wood adjoining, tennis court, cricket ground, small private golf course, excellent kitchen garden.

PERSONALLY INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

THE RESIDENCE.

SURREY.

A SHORT MOTOR RUN OF TOWN.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, this very choice RESIDENCE in faultless order throughout.

An ideal Property for one wishing to have rural surrounaings, yet within 12 miles of Town.

Handsome suite of reception rooms with billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 3 fitted bathrooms, complete offices. Ample stabling, lodge, 2 cottages, several useful outbuildings.

COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS. TELEPHONE.
MODERN SANITATION.

Matured and well-timbered pleasure grounds, with lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, range of glass, together with meadow-land, in all nearly

30 ACRES.

—HAMPTON and SONS, who can strongly recommend this very charming Property from personal knowledge, are instructed to submit any reasonable proposal, the owner being prepared to accept a TIMES PRICE.

Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

LEICESTERSHIRE AND WARWICKSHIRE BORDERS.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

THIS PICTURESQUE OLD BLACK-AND-WHITE RESTORED MANOR HOUSE, standing in a well-timbered park of about 60 acres. It contains: large entrance hall, dining room, library, 2 studies, excellent offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room, 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, dressing-bathroom, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING. HOT-WATER HEATING.
UP-TO-DATE DRAINAGE. GOOD WATER SUPPLY.

Well laid-out gardens, with 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, walled kitchen garden, etc.; stabling for 17, 3 cottages; shooting over 1,400 acres, or more by arrangement.

HUNTING WITH THE ATHERSTONE AND QUORN.

—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

HAMPTON HOUSE ESTATE, BABBACOMBE,
NEAR TORQUAY.

THIS SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT RESIDENCE, situated high above Oddicombe Beach, and surrounded by finely-timbered pleasure grounds and park-lands, with private frontage to the cliffs. The House contains: large hall, 5 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; stabling, garage, cottages, farmery, etc., the whole area comprising about 29 acres.

To be OFFERED by AUCTION as a whole or in lots by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, in conjunction with Messrs. BOURNE and SONS, of Totnes, in one or three lots, at the Town Hall, St. Mary Church, Torquay, in October next.—Solicitors, Messrs. HANBURY, WHITTING and Co., 62, New Broad Street, London, E.C. Auctioneers' offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS (occupying one of the highest situations in the district, with South aspect, and mainly on sandy soil).—The Residence was built by Melville Ward, F.R.I.B.A., in a most substantial manner, the interior fittings being almost entirely of oak. The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, garage, and cottage; there are tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden and orchard, 2 meadows, with cowhouses, in all about

5 ACRES.

—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

SURREY (2 miles from Godalming, 4 miles from Guildford).

COMPTON RECTORY, situate on the southern slope of the Hog's Back, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the county. The accommodation comprises: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices; stabling and farm buildings; the gardens and grounds are of great natural beauty, and include old walled kitchen garden, orchard, etc., in all about

12 ACRES.

To be OFFERED by AUCTION by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, the Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, September 23, 1913, at 2.30 p.m.—Solicitors, Messrs. LEE, BOLTON and LEE, 1, The Sanctuary, Westminster; Land Agent, W. H. MESSENGER, Esq., Town Hall Buildings, Guildford. Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET ON LONG LEASE

THIS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT, ATTRACTIVE AND COMPACT RESIDENCE, situated on the Ridgeway, Mill Hill, N.W., 8 miles from London, some 400ft. above sea level. It contains: 3 reception rooms, garden room, offices, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light is installed and the House is wired for heating in all principal rooms and for cooking; hot-water heating; the garden extends to over ½ an acre, planted on two sides with a row of fir trees, forming an avenue.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (M 14)

HUNGERFORD.

Occupying a conspicuous position on the Main Bath Road.

THIS VERY QUAINT PROPERTY, known as "FAULKNOR SQUARE," placed well back from the road with a picturesque setting, and including a valuable water meadow extending to about 3 acres, also a Dwelling House in Charnham Street, the whole producing from actual and estimated gross rentals £115 10s. PER ANNUM.

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY will SELL the above by AUCTION on Wednesday, September 10, 1913, at 2.30 at the Bear Hotel, Hungerford.—Detailed particulars may be obtained from the Solicitors, Messrs. CHESTER, BROOME and GRIFFITHES, 36, Bedford Row, London, W.C.; Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

TELEPHONE NOS: Mayfair 2777 and 5914. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, Audley, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES

of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished.

Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES. WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON AND GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL,

are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

SOMERSET. Between Taunton and Minehead.

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON SAND SOIL, WITH

SUPERB VIEWS OF THE QUANTOCK HILLS.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED,

A BEAUTIFUL OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE,

IN PERFECT ORDER, REPLETE WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AND LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

The House stands ¼ mile back from the road (2 carriage drives with lodges) in finely timbered park, and immediately surrounded by delightful gardens of singular charm.

14 *bedrooms,* 2 *bathrooms, fine hall,* 3 *reception rooms, complete domestic offices; stabling for* 6, *garage; farmery,* 3 *cottages.*

2,000 ACRES SHOOTING.

Polo. Golf. Hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and 2 packs of foxhounds.

Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE AT THE LOW PRICE OF £5,750.

IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

UNQUESTIONABLY, FOR ITS SIZE, THE MOST CHARMING PROPERTY WHICH HAS BEEN IN THE MARKET FOR SOME YEARS.

Standing in the midst of ideal gardens, pine woods, bracken and heather land, etc., and practically surrounded by a famous Common.

UNIQUE AND WELL-PLANNED HOUSE,

containing 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, suite of halls and reception rooms, capital offices, etc. Excellent stabling and garage, gardener's cottage, range of glass, fives court, etc.

SUPERB GARDENS and grounds replete with endless variety. There are fine lawns for croquet and tennis; flower, rock and rose gardens in profusion; random stone-flagged walks, shaped yew hedges, very fine brick-built pergola; vegetable and fruit gardens, whilst, bordering *the streams which intersect the Property,* are many varieties of water-loving plants. There are other attractive features too numerous to mention, and, in fact, it is impossible to realise its manifold beauties without inspecting the Property. *Total area* 29 *acres.* Sand soil.

Illustrated particulars can be obtained from the Sole Agents, WILSON AND GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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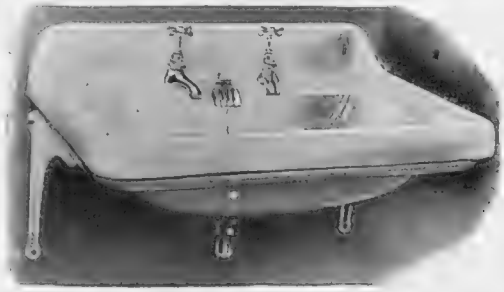

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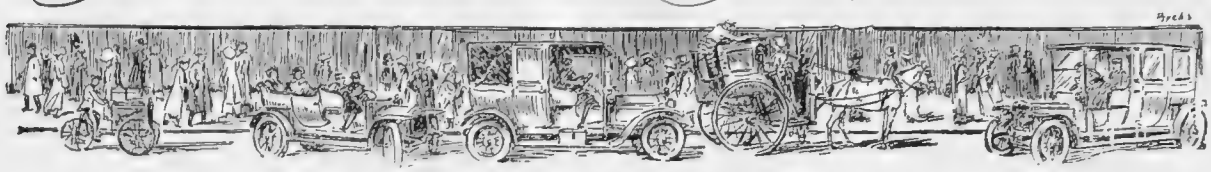

By MRS. JACK MAY

A Record Season in View

THE talk of the moment is of tailor-mades. From the other side of the Channel, where I personally gathered the information, I may say that the intention is to make the coming season a record one for elaboration of style and workmanship and waistcoats. Materials hitherto undreamt of will be roped into the cause, and two and three different fabrics will be mingled together. Needless to say, the tailoring fraternity are visioning a big moment, and as one of the most autocratic communities in the whole sartorial world the only blot on the outlook is the high-handed attitude of these gentlemen. Of late years, though, there is no denying they have achieved unquestionable triumphs. Tailoring was always an art, but now it can honestly be termed a fine art.

With no word of disparagement of the cheap ready-to-wear tailored suit that admirably fulfils its mission in life, once we experience a taste of the quality of that which represents an alliance of long-trained skill and time, the other becomes, anyway to minds at all fastidious, wholly intolerable.

Purple Terry Velvet Broché and White Ratine

By a particularly fortuitous circumstance I am possessed of two exceedingly advanced models, for the pictured presence of which I am going to beg our Editor's permission for a little extra space to illustrate, as both are so typical and characteristic of what is coming. Both enforce several of the brief remarks written above, as, for example, the mingling of materials.

Thus the figure to the left is wearing the new shade of deep wine-purple Terry velvet *broché* and white ratine. The manner in which these contrasts are handled in the composition of the skirt is well worth a study, the darker *nuance* being thoughtfully brought nearest to the ground. In the coat, again, there is revealed supreme novelty, and very especially to be noted is the increased length of basque. It is, of course, superfluous to point out how only the most skilled tailoring could produce to its best perfection a coat after this description, each line of which exacts individual study and adaptation to the figure privileged to wear it.

TWO TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES

The figure on the left is wearing the new shade of wine-purple Terry velvet broché and white ratine. That on the right is in rough-surfaced ratine, with a vest and collar of ivory cloth

White Ratine and Ermine

The introduction of white ratine on the coat is very slight, merely a tiny superimposed basque at the back, and deep-curved cuff applications on the sleeves, while a veritable *tour de force* is the little roll collar of pure ermine, similar rolls or hems at the edge of the straight sleeve corresponding in character. Everything points to fur being extensively used in tailored costumes this autumn and winter, as, indeed, on everything. The peltry would likewise have a strenuous outlook: the demand for fur is likely to be colossal. But more of that anon.

Pillar-Box Red

Thus the suggestion for the second and

plainer costume of rough-surfaced cloth, probably a ratine of sorts, with vest and collar of ivory cloth, the coat closing with a long bumpy ornament of black silk braid. The waistcoat in this case is part and parcel of the coat, but in a great many instances the *gilet* is arranged as a separate adjunct. A study of the skirt will reveal how deftly the draperies are handled, they are very slight, and are all congregated at the left side, apparently drawn from a quaint little apron *empiètement* in front. The startling colour employed demands the most careful treatment and simple outline, the which it has certainly received in the case of the pictured model.

The skin stole flung round the neck is of natural fox, and the hat *le dernier cri* in black velvet. There is something rather nice about the skull cap crown, is there not? This seemingly melting into a tiny roll brim in front that gradually resolves into the doubled upstanding *coquille* at the back. It is worn at a careful angle, the right side having the appearance of being drawn down and weighted by a single dull pink rose.

Meds *Lewis*

A BLACK VELVET HAT

Trimmed with a band of "moiré" ribbon and a high feather aigrette

The Vogue for Velvet Hats

Speaking again from the other side, there is no mistaking the determination of the velvet hat to stand in the front ranks; although I think it is likely to find a sharp rival in a very fine quality silk beaver.

A pleasing example is shown in my second small picture this week. It is a little model of black velvet merely trimmed with a band of *moiré* ribbon and a high feather aigrette.

Apropos of aigrettes, though I may mention that for the moment the *vraie élégante* has slackened her allegiance in this regard in favour of ribbon and flowers, this is, I imagine, only a temporary secession, probably inspired by the very reasonable desire to own comfortable shady hats for seaside and country wear. It was also to be remarked at all the big races on the continent such as have recently taken place at Ostend, Trouville, Dieppe, the large hat predominated.

King of English Cooks

ALTHOUGH the throne of Thomas Davey, the *chef* of mighty "Simpson's," is situated two storeys below ground, and in a little six by six office, "Davey" ranks with King Nicholas of Montenegro as one of the veteran Sovereigns of Europe. And, to draw another comparison with the Balkan ruler, he wields his despotic sceptre with an arm that is unshaken by age, and yet with a democracy that has brought all the great London Bohemians of the last half-century to bend the knee before his *chefs d'œuvres* of culinary art. Davey's motto is: "Good English food *is* food!" As he expresses it in his unalloyed Cockney: "Wot a man eats makes a man; well, look at them Frenchies and Germans; then tyke a look at an Englishman; that settles it! 'Ome cookin' for me!" When old "Simpson's" fell, nine years ago, and a new palatial "Simpson's" rose, phœnix-like, from the fall, "Davey" scrupulously continued the old English traditions. Thus the joints still go round on wheeled trays to each guest and the old romance is unchanged.

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The Menu: The Game Season

WITH game in season too much attention cannot be paid to its proper treatment in the larder and kitchen; for the flavour of all game may be so easily spoilt by indifferent or bad cooking. Game should be always well hung and carefully prepared. The following ways of cooking partridges may be a novelty to those who are anxious to try other ways than that of roasting.

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

Prepare three partridges as for roasting, wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion which has been boiled in milk, chopped and seasoned with pepper and salt. Place the birds in a stewpan with some stock, a piece of onion stuck with two or three cloves, a slice of lean bacon or ham, and a seasoning of pepper and salt; simmer until perfectly tender—about an hour. Take out the birds, drain them, and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove, thicken the gravy, after having strained it, with brown *roux*, add a good tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg, and, if required, a little more pepper and salt. Put the birds on a hot dish and pour the sauce over them

Partridges with Mushrooms

Dissolve, over a gentle fire, one and a half ounces of butter, throw in about three-quarters of a pint of button-mushrooms, with a slight sprinkling of salt and Cayenne. Simmer them from eight to ten minutes, and turn them, with the butter, on to a plate; when they are quite cold put them into the bodies of a brace of partridges, sew them up, truss them, and roast them from thirty to forty minutes. Serve them with brown mushroom sauce, or with gravy and bread sauce only, according to taste.

Stewed Partridges (Old Birds)

Brown a brace of partridges in a stewpan, in either clarified dripping or butter, add a piece of bacon cut into small pieces, a little chopped onion, two cloves, two carrots chopped small, a bay leaf, and some good stock; place these with the birds in a casserole dish in the oven and cook gently for an hour and a half. Strain the gravy before serving.

Broiled Partridge

Divide and flatten the bird, season it with salt and pepper or Cayenne, dip it into clarified butter and then into very fine breadcrumbs, and take care that every part be equally covered; place over a very clear fire and broil it gently from twenty to thirty minutes. Send it to table with brown mushroom sauce, if for dinner; but if for a breakfast dish, a good slice of butter, put on the moment it is taken off the grill, would be preferred.

Partridge Pudding

Many people prefer to have partridges dressed in a pudding rather than a pie, as the flavour is so perfectly preserved in the paste. Unless the birds be *very* young, skin them before you cut them up into joints. Two good-sized partridges will make a pudding. Lay a thin rump steak over the paste, then the partridges, seasoned well with pepper, salt, and a little mace; cover and boil two hours. Mushrooms can be added, if liked.

Partridge Salad

Cut some cold roast partridges into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour or two in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with pepper, salt, and some chopped tarragon. Then arrange the pieces of partridge in a salad bowl, surround them with nicely-shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over all the mixture in which the partridges were marinaded.

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The Editor's Box

A Historic Home for Sale

About 3½ miles from the sea, on the Sussex coast, about 1½ miles from Polegate Station, and 5 miles by road from Eastbourne, stands Filching Manor, which is being offered for sale by Messrs. Wilson and Gray, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W. It is situated in a most healthy position amidst the grandeur of the South Downs, perfectly sheltered on all sides, and commanding charming views. There are three sets of golf links at Eastbourne, and excellent sea fishing and boating are available. Filching Manor is a most perfectly preserved specimen of an old English manor house in all its pristine beauty and in first-rate decorative and sound structural repair, standing in gardens, grass, and woodlands of approaching 13 acres. The house would make an admirable family residence for a wealthy man.

A Fancy-Dress Group

Taken at Vernet-les-Bains at a Children's Fancy-Dress Ball given there recently

Flannel Shirts

The adjective "flannel," as applied to shirts, bears to-day a very different meaning to that known to the general public a generation ago. This has been very largely brought about by Messrs R. R. Buck and Sons (established 1852), of the "Atlas" Works, Carlisle, and 12, Gresham Street, W.—Their world-known materials embrace fabrics composed of pure silk, silk and wool, silk and cotton—in fact, every description of fabric, for every purpose. A feature of "Atlas" shirts is that they are so smartly cut and are of such "correct" patterns that they are equally suitable for sport and Town wear. Messrs. R. R. Buck and Sons possess the distinction of being the *only* shirtmakers who make both the material and the shirt. We can safely advise you in the matter of shirts: Next time, ask for "Atlas."

Magnesia

Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia is an excellent medicine for children. To quote from Messrs. Dinneford's own admirably worded notice, "The great advantages of this preparation are that being in a *fluid* state, yet possessing all the properties of magnesia in general use, it is not likely to form dangerous concretions in the bowels. It corrects acidity and heartburn effectually without injuring the coats of the stomach, as the carbonates of soda and potash are known to do."

The Children's Happy Evenings Association

Those who criticise charities, either on the score that a large proportion of the sums contributed to them are swallowed up in expenses, or because the material welfare of the poor is sacrificed to religious propaganda, will have very little to complain of if they examine the methods of The Children's Happy Evenings Association. This association is entirely unsectarian, and its object is solely to bring happiness into the lives of the children of the very poor. To Lady Bland-Sutton is due the efficiency and economy of the organisation, and she is anxious to find new helpers. Readers who wish to bring a little happiness into the lives of poor children should communicate with Lady Sutton, at 47, Brook Street, W.